TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Last Sunday after morning service I happened to meet the Rev. Mr. Stafford, and he had a very bright twinkle in his eye as he inquired, "Have you read Robert Elsmere?" "No," I said, "but half-a-dozen friends have told me that I should." "Yes, and if you had you would appreciate the Rev. Dr. Parker's burlesque on it which has been attributed to insanity." I confess I began to feel cheap. "Do you know," said Mr. Stafford, "that I have laughed more over his letter than over anything I ever read, and I am sure that no man in the world has enjoyed it more than Dr. Parker himself." I asked for further explanation. "Well, you see, in Robert Elsmere there is an attack made on the book of Daniel, and Dr. Parker selected that from perhaps forty other insidious points whereby the author seeks to weaken the faith of common people like you and me, and has burlesqued it." Mr. Stafford is a man of infinite humor. In conversation he sometimes stretches his limbs over a chair, and talks like an ordinary newspaper man. I don't believe the pulpit gives him half achance to display the fund of humor that is in him. His awfully solemn countenance when irradiated by the twinkle of his eye would make his fortune on a lecture platform. However, I have been waiting anxiously to hear some further news concerning Dr. Parker, and in the absence of any confirmation or explanation of his reported insanity, I am inclined to accept Mr. Stafford's explanation of that remarkable letter.

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It is an old question, "When doctors differ who shall decide?" but in the present conflict between Sir Morell Mackenzie and the German physicians, the public have decided that the dispute is an unutterable bore. It may have been a big "scoop" for the New York *Herald* to have forestalled the *Sun* in the publication of Sir Morell's opinion of himself and his rivals, but the general public has passed the point of interest, and is now thoroughly indifferent whether the late emperor had throat disease or liver complaint. He is dead, and we are willing to leave him dead if the doctors will only consent to the interment of the poor man's remains. What his politics were is of interest, but there are plenty of opportunities to study throat disease in the ordinary hospitals without tearing to pieces the mucous-membrane of a man who has been dead for months. My own private belief is that if there were fewer doctors there would be less sickness. No doubt physicians are useful to allay acute agonies by means of sleep-producing drugs, and surgeons are valuable to kill or cure people suffering from abnormal growths or unfortunates who have met with accidents. Science, too, has been developed to the point of correcting some of the disfigurements which birth or accident inflict upon the human race. Outside of this, sanitary science, good nursing and a reasonable education of people to know what they can stand and how to take care of their bodies make up what little there is of the science of medicine. Doctors themselves have a less exalted opinion of their curative powers than is entertained by the general public, and when they are not wrangling with one another over some case which neither they nor anybody can comprehend they are poking one another in the ribs and laughing at the credulity of the public. Sir Morell Mackenzie is apparently loath to let go of a good advertisement, and the German saw-bones are quite willing to get all the notoriety out of it they can. In the meantime the long-suffering public object to having the corpse of the late Emperor stretched out on the newspaper dissecting-table every morning at breakfast. By this time, poor man, he must be very dead; let him alone.

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Talking about the investigations in the Public Works Department, I have been thinking it would be much preferable if those anxious to punish offenders and purify the public service would formulate their charges and proceed criminally against those accused. Under our present system the county judge is appointed to investigate sewers and pavements and other things as to which he can hardly be expected to act as an expert, and when he gets through, his only power is to present a report which may be useful in beginning criminal proceedings. If the wise and excellent gentlemen who have discoverred a mass of evidence documentary and otherwise, inculpating various contractors and city officials, were at once to begin criminal proceedings, expense and loss of time would be largely saved. Everybody knows that the Public Works Department has not been managed either prudently or systematically. We don't need an investigation to prove this. What we need is a cure. The Mayor and a number of the most capable aldermen have been considering the best means of rectifying the defects of what is evidently an ill-organized department, and the excellent appointment of Ald. Jones as commissioner of street repairs is the first move towards the completion of the reform. If Alderman Gillespie has evidence which proves either a conspiracy or a fraud, why not at once boldly take criminal proceedings against the guilty parties, instead of wasting many thousand dollars in proving that the system is wrong?

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The newspaper people, more, perhaps than others, are aware that Toronto has been managed on a cross-roads system, and that until the present strong administration of Mayor Clarke there was only one type-writer in all the city offices. The stenographic clerk has been an indispensible attachment of every well-regulated business office for years; yet the city departments having greater requirements for careful and systematic intercommunication have been lacking in even this inexpensive machinery. Documents instead of being filed have been piled up in a chaotic mass. A city council in which every leading ring of real estate speculators is represented has been building new streets and opening up avenues apparently regardless of cost or proper construction. Men who had a tenacre field could build a street through it, and block-pave it, and sell out the lots and leave the new owners to bear the expense without regard to the older localities, which required all the attention of the force engaged by the city to inspect and regulate our public works. The result has been bad material, faulty construction and careless inspection. The system of reorganization proposed whereby repairs will be conducted by one section of the public works department, the sewers and plumbing by another, the new work by a third, with a special man to look after the stone-roadways will largely obviate the trouble of the past, and the City Engineer will have a chance to overlook the whole business. I don't object to the expense of investigations when they are needed to inform the public of hitherto undiscovered weaknesses in a system or to bring to justice someone who had been defrauding the treasury, but it would be well for enquiry to be made before expensive investigations are undertaken whether we have not already discovered the weaknesses of the system and if direct criminal proceedings would not be the best means of bringing the offenders to justice.

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The assessment of Toronto is by no means perfect. The actual values of properties have a different relation to their assessed values in nearly every ward. I have seen some few dealings in real estate during the summer and have knowledge of two transactions in St. Patrick's and St. James' Wards respectively which furnish a fair example of the inequalities of the assessment. A house in St. Patrick's Ward changed hands during the summer within a small fraction of five thousand dollars; another in St. James' Ward was sold for about three thousand dollars at the same time. I have had the assessment slips of both; they are almost identical. The one in St. James' Ward is assessed for as much as it cost, yet the one in St. Patrick's is assessed for only two thirds of what it cost. I believe both transactions represented the actual value of each place. I have a personal knowledge of a score of such instances. This sort of thing is grossly unjust. If property in any ward is to be assessed for its full value the same system should apply to all localities. The whole assessment system is conducted upon an irregular and ill-digested plan and needs thorough revision and I don't care whether it is Ernest Albert Macdonald or anybody else that makes the kick, I am in sympathy with the kicker who demands a proper adjustment of the assessment. I find that the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT are assessed for as large an amount on the plant and machinery which gives employment to men receiving weekly wages amounting to nearly three hundred dollars, as is paid on stocks of goods the management of which does not afford employment to a hundred dollars' worth of help, though the actual value of the merchandise is immensely in excess of the worth of the machinery. There should be no desire to handicap mercantile business but it is evidently absurd that mechanical and industrial enterprises should be more highly taxed than stocks of goods. The man who honestly states the value of his material is at a disadvantage and in the majority of cases the assessor is totally without an equipment of facts or rules upon which to base his valuations. Some weeks ago I urged that a declaration of a man's belongings should be made as thoroughly in detail as that furnished the Customs when entering goods at any port and I still hold to that view.

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While speaking of Customs duties I wish to propose a plan which suggested itself the other day when discussing the tariff with a rabid free-trader. He urged that gathering the revenue by the tariff was much inferior to direct taxation because under the latter system the man sees his assessment slip and knowing exactly how much he has to pay is more prone to criticise the details. I suggested that if the party to which he belonged desired to bring the effect of the tariff home to the elector at the next campaign they should issue slips almost identical with those which have been recently served upon us for municipal rates, bearing for instance such details as the following: Conservative policy; taxes on sugar used by an ordinary family of five, so much: on woolen goods, so much; agricultural implements, so much. In this way the Grit party if they have really a good showing to make, could bring home to each family the tax it paid, if not exactly, as nearly as statistics can provide us with the per capita consumption of goods. Then the voter could see how much taxes he is paying on the necessaries of life, and if the system of direct taxation would be preferable, it could be shown quite easily how the assessment would be made. I believe in the United States such an assessment slip as I speak of would astound the ordinary consumer. Under our more moderate tariff it would be less startling, but there is no campaign document that I can think of which would afford so much interest to the householder as a long slip showing him what he pays in excise and customs. In Toronto we will haggle over half a mill; in Dominion affairs where we don't see exactly when or how we pay the money, or where it goes to, we can have our taxes raised four or five mills without our noticing the difference. I am a thorough protectionist as far as our industries require nursing, but believe it would be beneficial if the ratepayers could grasp the full meaning of the Dominion taxes. I hope some day to see a campaign document prepared on the basis I have suggested.

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Last week I referred in half a dozen lines to the surprise felt by the majority of citizens at the lenient sentence given by Judge Galt to the thug Buckley. A queer phase of public opinion has been developed since the venerable judge saw fit to recall the prisoner and add ten years to his term. Several of the newspapers which expressed themselves most violently with regard to the first sentence being inadequate are now horrified that a public clamor which they had so large a share in creating has been sufficient to influence the judge to a harsher decision. These newspapers are alarmed to know that public expression is able to influence the result of a criminal trial. They are fretting themselves unnecessarily. The people must always remain greater than the law while the cause is greater than the effect. To hold that public opinion should have nothing to do with the administration of justice would be to set aside the verdict of the greater jury as totally irrelevant, while giving finality to the decision of the chosen twelve. In these days of newspapers, when the evidence is presented almost as elaborately to the people of the city as it is to the empannelled jurors, a general outcry against a verdict has much meaning and should be given the weight it deserves. That the people should not set aside the law nor disregard its methods is imperative, and in the Buckley case there was no resort to the hasty procedure of Judge Lynch, but the well-informed citizen, and the presumably well-informed newspaper, joined together to declare that the sentence was an absurdity. For instance, had a man of unblemished reputation, pure life and even temper, been convicted of manslaughter committed under the most provoking circumstances, and received a term of twenty years, is there anything under heaven or in the earth that should prevent the outcry of his fellow-citizens who know him to be undeserving of such severe punishment? The judge who had manifestly erred, in the same session of the court, after looking into the matter and finding himself in the wrong, should certainly ratify his mistake? It is too late in the nineteenth century to suppose that a judge knows everything, or to insist that the ordinary reader of the newspapers knows nothing. We have heard much clamor against newspaper trials, and against the excitement of public opinion, either for or against an indicted person, but after all, how much is there in it? Paid attorneys create great clamor in the court to earn their fee; newspapers dare not be as partisan as legal counsel, because the public are their clients, and the public is quick to judge when a corrupt motive is evinced or an unjust proposition made to them. Newspapers must learn to understand, if they have not already, their responsibility as counsel for the people. For my part I believe that the newspapers are managed with enough intelligence, and are prompted by a sufficient love of righteousness, to conduct a report of proceedings, and the comments thereon, with fairness. Of course any lover of justice must deprecate a clamor for a man's blood or his liberty, without thoroughly understanding all the circumstances surrounding his alleged crime; but when time, thorough investigation, and an impartial trial has been given to a man, the verdict of the general public, who have known that man, is worth as much to the judge as the verdict of the jury empannelled to try the case, and should have its due effect. The time has gone when a man's whole life, his daily walk and conversation, the record of him which has been kept by his neighbors and business associates should be refused their due weight when he is on trial for an act which may have been done in the passion of a moment. It is seldom that the public demands severity. In Buckley's case they did, and they got what they had a right to demand—an extended sentence for a beast who is utterly unfit to be at large. If Judge Galt did not know that Buckley was a monster the people did, and had a perfect right to inform him of it, and he did perfectly right to listen to their information and investigate the murderer's record, with the result which followed.

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Sometimes the people may shout "Give us Barabbas." The best way to cure them of a desire for Barabbas is to give him to them, and then they will be sorry they asked for him. Probably the great clamor which was raised in the streets of Jerusalem that the robber instead of the Saviour be released, resulted in Barabbas renewing his depredations, and his crimes may have assisted to prove to those who demanded his release the enormity of the mistake they made. Sometimes the greatest good may work out of a temporary evil. The public will of necessity learn, if their voice is listened to, to raise it less frequently on the behalf of a prisoner, and never to ignorantly make demands which should be refused. I am not in all this claiming that the law should not have its course, that the trial should not be held regardless of outside influence, but that when the law has taken its course the public have then a right to speak and to be heard. They may make mistakes; that is their look-out.

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The Convention of the Humane Societies held in Toronto this week is an indication of the growth of the idea that it is the duty of society to ameliorate the condition of those little ones who are in want and to make brighter the lives of the helpless, sad and neglected starvelings who are always at our doors. That the scope of their work, too, includes an effort to have the lower animals more kindly treated, is no excuse for the sneers which are so often levelled at humane societies. The people who have not learned to reward the docility and affection of the domestic animals which minister so much to our comfort should be taught by the humane associations that they cannot with impunity inflict needless suffering on any living thing. The object of the society is such a good one that it should receive the assistance and sympathy of every one who pretends to possess or believe in Christian civilization.

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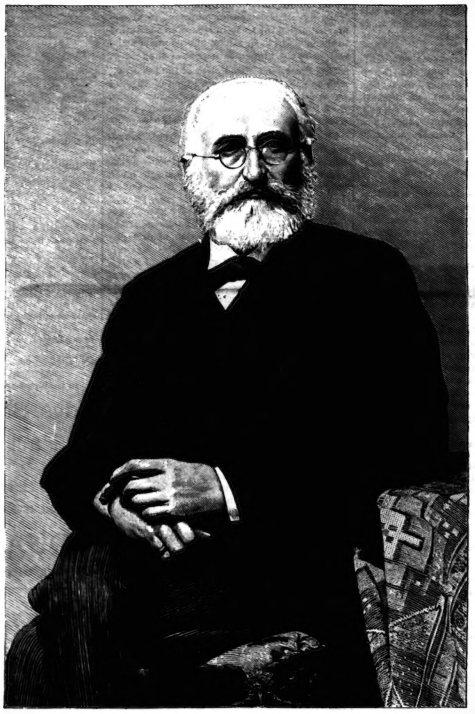

M. TISZA, PREMIER OF HUNGARY.

Distinguished People Series---No. 5

M. TISZA.

Coloman Tisza de Boros Jeno, the present prime minister of Hungary has filled that onerous position since 1875, in which year he formed a strong liberal combination from the members of the Left and the former Deak party. Since 1867 the Austro-Hungarian kingdom has formed a bi-partite state consisting of an Asiel than empire and a Transleithau kingdom, the former officially designated as Austria and the latter as Hungary. Each has its own parliament, ministry and government while the connecting ties are a common sovereign, a common army, navy, diplomacy and a controlling body known as the Delegations, which has a decisive vote in common affairs.

Roses for youth with its mad ambition,
Roses for moments that are glad and gay,
Roses for work with its promised fruition,
When love has ripened to a perfect day.

Roses for hearts in the maelstrom of passion,
Ere hope has blossomed to a perfect peace:
In hours that slip by in a dreamy fashion,
When the toil and the moil of striving shall cease.

Society.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham, jr., returned home from their wedding trip on Monday of last week.

Mr. H. R. Boulton of the Bank of Montreal, who has been away for a holiday in Chicago, is back in town looking all the better for his trip.

About twenty-five or thirty of Mrs. Charles Riordon's lady friends accepted her kind invitation "to take a cup of tea" at her handsome residence, Queen's Park, on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Riordon received her guests in her accustomed warm and happy manner, and was ably assisted by her sister, Mrs. Bunting, and nieces, the Misses Bunting and Horrox. Among those present were Mrs. Irving Cameron, Miss Wright, Miss Lee, Miss Birchall, the Misses Harris, the Misses Ince, Miss Hoskin, Miss Wyatt, the Misses Langtry, Miss Howard, Miss Osler, the Misses Cumberland. During the afternoon Miss Wright sang Dreams very sweetly. Mrs. Cameron and Miss Alice Bunting gave some instrumental selections.

Preparations are going on for a grand wedding to take place at St. Stephen's church next month, bringing a long-standing engagement to a happy ending.

Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer's At Home at Glenedith, last Saturday, was in every way the greatest possible success. An affair of the kind is always sure to succeed so long as there is something special to be seen or something special to be done; and in the present case a military display on the part of one of the smartest of our militia corps was as great an attraction as would be expected. At the time of the At Home which Mrs. Nordheimer gave to the Irish cricketers at the end of August, comparatively few people had returned to town, and there must have been many present on Saturday who for three years had not had the opportunity of enjoying the charms of Mrs. Nordheimer's beautiful house, and a view of the whole city and lake, which is unsurpassed from any place in the environs of Toronto. Many people arrived in time to witness the manœuvres of the Grenadiers, as they breasted the hill to the attack; then while the redcoats picnicked in the orchard at the back of the house, Mrs. Nordheimer's guests discussed tea, and much else besides tea, in the way common to all At Homes. Apart from the soldiers there must have been a hundred and fifty people present. The fair sex, as is almost always the case in the afternoon, very largely predominated. Perhaps even more so than usual, for the men must have been outnumbered by at least three to one. I could name a good many masculine absentees whom one would have expected to see, but the ladies were present almost to a woman. When at length Grenadiers fell in for their return march, quite a number had left, but there were still enough to fill the eastern balcony from end to end. The response to Commander Law's "Three cheers for the Grenadiers, ladies and gentlemen," was considering the cheerers, as good as could be expected. After the cheers of the men for their late chief, Colonel Grasett, and for Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, the hurrahs of the guests were of course a little weak. There are few things that woman cannot do, but cheering is one of them. Amongst those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskin, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Major and Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Osler, Miss Osler, Miss Dawson, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Hodgins and Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. McKellar, Mr. and Mrs. Malloch, Miss Morris, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, the Misses Shanly, Miss Hugel of Port Hope, Mrs. Boulton, Mr. Saunders, Miss Langmuir, Captain Morrow, Mr. Hay, the Misses Yarker, Mr. Yarker, Miss Brough, Miss Small, Mr. Sidney Small, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Cattenach, Lady Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. Roberts, the Misses McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. Rene Gamble, Mrs. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mr. Cecil Gibson, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Dumoulin, Miss Dumoulin, Captain Macdougall, Captain Sears, Mr. Lowe.

Each week of late it has been my misfortune to have to offer unwelcome news. This week I have not one, but two items of this regrettable nature. In the first place Sir David Macpherson's physician forbids him to winter in Toronto, so that Lady Macpherson and he have decided to sail during the middle of next month to seek the mild breezes of the Riviera. Sir David and Lady Macpherson have wintered at San Remo once before, and having found the place all that is to be desired, are probably going there again. They will be followed a month later by Mrs. Meyrick Bankes and her children, so what is pre-eminently one of the most hospitable and popular of Toronto houses will be closed for the greater part of the season.

It is said that misfortunes never come singly, and my second item is one more proof of the truth of the proverb. Since her return from the North West, and even before that, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer has talked of going to Europe for the winter, and her departure is now decided upon. Within three weeks Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer will have set sail, and with them Mrs. Vankoughnet and Miss Maude Vankoughnet. Their destination is the south of France, and the date of their return, since they may spend a portion of the summer in England, is uncertain. Mr. Nordheimer will return to Canada after a short stay, but will again go to Europe in the spring.

So far my gossip has a sombre tint, let me turn to brighter things. Rumors of a large ball at the beginning of November are widely spread and are extraordinarily explicit. Enterprising persons have even fixed the day, I suppose it is one that suits them, since with the proposed hostess it is still undecided. Next week the advent of those welcome pieces of cardboard will, I hope, allow me to announce both the name of the hostess and the date of the forthcoming event.

Colonel Gough of the 14th Hussars, and Mrs. Gough were in town this week. They have been making an extended tour through the States, and have now left by the Canadian Pacific for the Western coast. They realize that one cannot know a place unless one knows something of its inhabitants, and have therefore provided themselves with many letters of introduction. Those they brought to Toronto people were of the kind to make their few days here most pleasant.

Miss Kingsford of Ottawa, is staying with Miss Robinson at Sleepy Hollow. This lady, with her hostess and Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, occupied a box at the Grand Opera House one evening this week.

Captain Wright of the Royal Navy, has this week been the guest of Sir David and Lady Macpherson, at Chestnut Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Wragge have sent out cards for an At Home, to be held this afternoon at their house on Wellesley street. Mr. and Mrs. Wragge are constant and indefatigable entertainers, as was proved by a ball and, I believe, two At Homes last winter, they know how to make their parties succeed, and since they have been wise enough to choose Saturday afternoon, the one most convenient for men, another success is assured them.

Miss Hugel of Port Hope is staying with Mrs. Nordheimer at Glenedith. Although not so frequent a visitor as her younger sister, Miss Eudie Hugel, this lady has been here often before, and her friends are many.

The riding craze which was so strongly developed at this time last year, and even more so in the spring, already shows signs of collapse. Riding parties have been talked of, but have resulted only in talk. Although the streets and roads might be a bit more dry, the weather could hardly be more suitable for the most delightful of all forms of exercise than it is now. What can be more pleasant than a gallop through High Park well mounted and in good company, and, if one has not fed at some country hostelry, the return in the twilight to dine or sup in the company of one's brother equestrians and sister equestriennes? Fair organizers, your chance awaits you!

Miss Robinson has returned to Sleepy Hollow. Her proposed deer-shooting party in the neighborhood of Lake Joseph has fallen through.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweny have gone to New York for a short visit.

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will—when looking well can't move her—
Looking ill prevail?"

Many of my readers can doubtless apply my quotation.

Last Saturday evening a musical and dramatic entertainment was presented before a large and select audience within the walls of Loretto Abbey. Antique dances, Spanish fandangoes and vocal selections well displayed the talents possessed by many of the school pupils and externes. Amongst the recitals was conspicuously marked, Famine Scene from Hiawatha, most feelingly recited by Miss May Anglin, who is a daughter of Hon. T. Anglin. Although a mere child, she imparted to every line the taste and feeling which that impassioned selection calls for. A most interesting and artistic scene was that of The Home of the Muses, presented as follows: Poetry, Miss Truro; Painting, Miss Kerr; Music, Miss King Dodds; Sculpture, Miss S. Truro. Two scenes from The Siege of Granada completed the dramatic portion of the programme. Miss Truro, Miss Kerr and Miss King Dodds ably sustained the characters. Miss King Dodds possesses a very sweet voice, with a rich tone well adapted to deep passages. Miss Truro and Miss Kerr also have musical voices, but more suited to light readings. I must here remark upon the excellence of the vocal selections, and their rendition. Miss Katey Ryan, well known in amateur circles, sang Beauty's Eyes, violin obligato. Miss Ryan was in splendid voice and her rich, deep tones filled the concert hall without any effort. Miss Todd and Miss Wilson also contributed, both having pleasing voices. Mons. Boucher gave a truly poetic rendering of the various violin solos which he played. His charming wife, Mme. Boucher, proved an efficent accompanist. During the month of November a cantata is to be sung by the young ladies, of which, perhaps, I shall have more to say.

It is certain that with regard to one sort of entertainment at all events, the beginning of this season will be by no means barren. Of afternoon At Homes, or more familiarly, tea parties, there are very many in store. Next week will, as pointed out last Saturday, by virtue of its two balls, be the real commencement of the season, and fashionable people will be at their busiest. On Wednesday Miss Dupont has bidden her numerous friends to Dufferin House, John street, and on Thursday afternoon, the day of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Merritt's dance, Mrs. Meredith gives an At Home at her house in Rosedale.

On Wednesday, October 31, of the following week Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, (Mrs. Fred Plumb) will be at home at her residence on St. Vincent street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon left Government House this week and entered their house at the extreme north of Sherbourne street.

The dread season, to many people, of paying and receiving visits, has fully set in. On Tuesday last St. George street was alive with the carriages of callers, while on Wednesday, Beverley street, Simcoe street and their environs seemed to be as busy as in the height of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrington of London, Eng., have succeeded in finding a house to their liking on Jarvis street. They have taken it for the winter and possibly longer At present Mr. and Mrs. Carrington are paying a short visit in Montreal.

Miss Kate Merritt is staying with friends on a ranche near Calgary, N. W. T.

Personal.

University College was a scene of pleasant bustle yesterday afternoon at the annual convocation.

Mrs. P. C. Allan and Miss Allan of 188 Spadina avenue arrived home last week from a four months' tour in Great Britain and on the Continent.

Dr. Castle, principal of McMaster Hall, has quite recovered from his recent illness, and attended lectures for the first time on Tuesday morning.

I have to acknowledge the very kind invitation sent by the non-commissioned officers and men of C company for next Monday night's concert at the New Fort Barracks.

Mr. W. H. Lester's appointment to an appraisership in the Custom House, in succession to the late Mr. J. G. Miller, affords much satisfaction to the numerous friends of the former.

Mrs. Potter and Miss Potter of Linden, N.Y., who have been visiting Mrs. Finch of Bleeker street left for home on Friday of last week. Both these ladies have made many warm friends during their stay in Toronto.

The friends of Miss Anna Cross, granddaughter of Mr. A. P. Macdonald of this city, whose serious illness was reported some weeks ago, will be glad to learn that she is very much better, and is now considered to be out of danger.

Invitations have been out for some days from Lieut.-Col. Allan and the officers of the Queen's Own, to the presentation of prizes by the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell, at the Mutual street Rink, of which, it is possible, I may have more to say next week.

This afternoon, weather permitting, society folks will wend their pleasant way towards the Woodbine and take in the Hunt Club races. Major Dickson says there is a rattling good programme on the cards, and the gallant major is generally considered a connoisseur in such matters. If the clerk of the course and his *confrere* of the weather can only arrange matters a capital afternoon's sport may be expected.

Very successful Harvest Thanksgiving services were held at St. Mark's, Parkdale, on Sunday. The interior was tastefully decorated with flowers, fruits and vegetables. A full choral service was rendered at both services, under the direction of the choirmaster, Mr. R. G. Doherty. A very substantial collection in aid of the Widows' and Orphans' fund was taken up.

The national organizations of Saint George and the Irish Protestant Benevolent Societies are each out with the programme for their annual concerts. The Irishmen have the first call as far as date is concerned, having fixed on November 2. The St. George's Society concert, which is generally regarded as one of the society fixtures for Thanksgiving day, will be held on that day as usual. Both these concerts will be held in the Pavilion.

Fanny Davenport's visit next week has excited much curiosity, not only on personal grounds, but on account of the discussion of the critics and those who are not critics, regarding the play of La Tosca. I am glad to see that Mr. Sheppard has decided not to raise the prices, the raising of prices being, as a rule, one of doubtful wisdom. I am told the most exquisite toilets ever seen on our stage will be visible on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week at the Grand.

The conversazione given by the President and Officers of the Toronto Humane Society in honor of the American Humane Association delegates at the Normal School on Wednesday evening was a most successful affair. The artistes of the evening were Mrs. Torrance, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Hillary, Miss Ramsay and amongst the gentlemen who kindly gave their services were Messrs. Gorrie, Carl Martens, Boucher, Wagner and Barton. The list of invitations sent out includes something like one thousand names, amongst whom were Miss Dupont, Miss A. Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Payne, Miss Thorburn, Miss Annie Beatty, Misses Amy and Maud Beatty, Mrs. McMurray, Mr. McMurray, Mr. L. McMurray, Mr. D.H. Cawthra, Mr. Kelso, Miss Kelso, Mr. and Mrs S. Nordheimer, Miss Hugel of Port Hope, the Misses Todd, Miss May Todd, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Mr. W. S. Lowe, Miss Vickers, Miss Ethel Vickers, Miss Smithy, Mr. W. Strathy, Mr. W. D. Hart, Mr. W. R. Brock, President of Humane Society, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Grasett, Rev. Dr. Scadding, Rev. Mr. Langtry, Mrs. Langtry, Miss Langtry, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Ince, Miss Ince, Dr. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gillespie, Mrs. and the Misses Morgan, Miss Ramsay, Mr. W. R. Moffatt, Miss Moffatt, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Brough, Miss Brough, Dr. Covernton, Miss Covernton, Miss Beardmore, Mr. F. Beardmore and Mr. and Mr. A. M. Kirkpatrick.

The Lesser of Two Evils.

"Signorita, the waltz has begun, may I have the pleasure!"

"Excuse me, Signor, I do not like waltzing."

"Ah! then perhaps you will allow me to converse with you and keep you company during this round!"

"Ahem!—Come, I think we had better dance!"

He Was From Boston.

Rural guest at restaurant (looking at bill of fare)—Hang these foreign-named dishes! Bring me a plate of plain hash, if you've got any.

Waiter (solemn and erect, in a tone of dignified reproof)—Olla podrida for one.

Hush!

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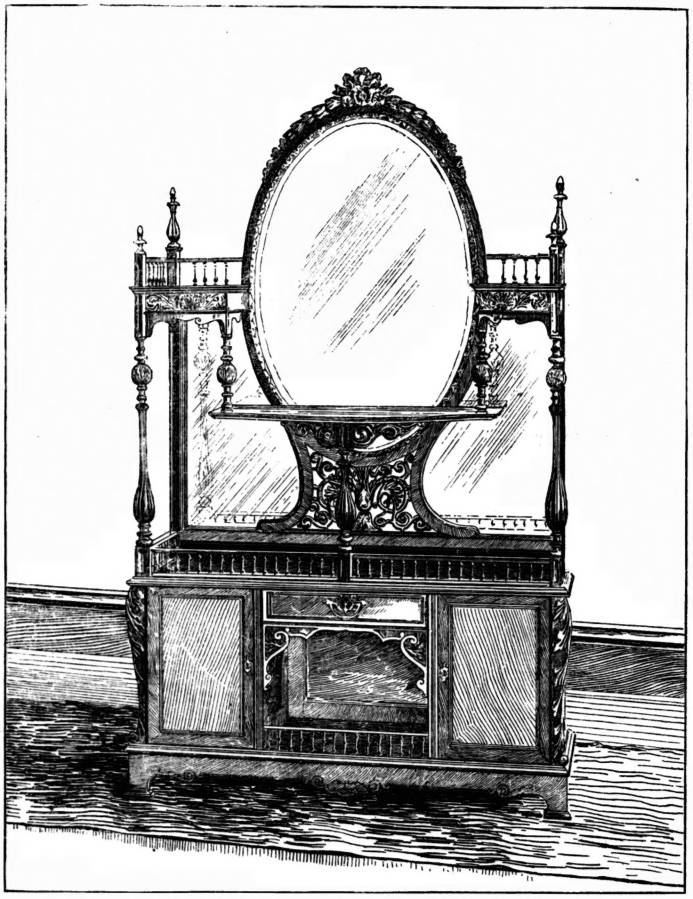

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Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER V.

MORE ABOUT THE PEOPLE WE ARE TO MEET.

"I am afraid I am over punctual," murmured Mr. Jonn Stryde with some embarrassment as he rose to greet Miss Browning in Mrs. King's reception room the day after the funeral.

"Not at all, Mr. Stryde," answered Miss Browning with a smile. "How can you suspect yourself of being over punctual when you have come at the time appointed?"

"But you see, Miss Browning, I know so little of the ways of the social world that I can't even tell whether people are expected at the appointed time or an hour or two later. I never go anywhere without being the first one to arrive, and yet so many years of business life in which punctuality has been one of the first rules, have made it impossible for me to be ten minutes behind time, even when I am quite positive I ought to be an hour late."

"I wish everyone were as punctual as you are," answered Miss Browning, who was exceedingly exact in her engagements and dealings, but who, nevertheless, found Mr. Stryde's exactness somewhat trying. She had never expressed a wish in his presence which he had not fulfilled, and every word uttered in his hearing seemed to have been carefully stored away to be reproduced in subsequent interviews. She had never known a man so intensely in earnest as Mr. Stryde or so literal in his interpretation of what was said to him. If in a joke she had invited him to call at six o'clock in the morning she felt sure at that hour she would hear Mr. Stryde's step and his nervous pull at the door bell. He was of medium height, rather heavily built, and his strong, plain face and light brown hair began to show signs that his thirty-eight years had not passed over him without leaving traces of the constant and wearing toil of his business. He was manager of a bank and no one in financial circles was more trusted than he. A clever judge of human nature, firm and yet kindly in his manner, upright and thoroughly business-like in his methods, the directors of the institution of which he was principal were content to leave everything in his charge. Mr. John Stryde was a religious man and his outpouring of apparent enthusiasm were those when, in the religious meetings in which he took considerable part, he prayed or sang. His one charm was his voice, and no one could hear its irresistible sweetness and fervor without believing in his sincere piety. Mr. Stryde for several years had been the constant companion of John King in his benevolent and religious undertakings, and when, previous to the latter's death the banker had stood at the bedside of his friend, he had been implored to watch over her who was about to be widowed as if he had received her as a charge from heaven. Six months before, John Kinz had informed his ward that his friend Stryde loved her. Nothing had been further from Dell Browning's mind and in her surprise she said one inconsiderate things which John King was careful not to repeat to his sensitive friend. Since that time their meetings had been less frequent and the old bachelor had always been much embarrassed in her presence.

After a somewhat awkward pause during which Mr. Stryde had looked at his watch and was nervously winding the chain around his forefinger, Miss Browning observed that overpunctuality was certainly not one of Mr. Tully's faults.

"No, I suppose not," assented Mr. Stryde who now had his watch chain wound up in a tight knot. "Law is delay and the tardiness of lawyer are proverbial but," with the charitable impulse which was never absent from Mr. Stryde when speaking of other people, "he is, perhaps, loath to meet Mrs. King and witness the grief which she must feel over the loss of her husband. Do you know, I felt almost inclined to suggest that this interview be deferred for a few days until she had recovered from the first terrible shock of her grief."

"She is bearing her grief very well, though of course," added Miss Browning parenthetically, for fear her words might convey the idea that Mrs. King did not appreciate her loss, "she is very much overcome."

"Indeed she must be," exclaimed Mr. Stryde earnestly, as he released his fingers from his watch chain and clasped his hands over his knee. "It must be dreadful to lose one that one loves. I thought so much of him, too," he added slowly, his blue eyes filling with tears. "that I can sympathize with her and yet I know if I try to say so I will break down. You tell her for me after I go away."

At this moment Mrs. King entered the door, her blonde hair arranged as carefully as if she were going a ball. She looked extremely well in black, and somehow Mr. Stryde was impressed with the fact that she knew it, but the tears which started from her eyes as he held her hand banished the impression, and he endeavored to speak some comforting words, but his voice grew so husky that he had to raise his watch chain and bury his face in the reached for his handkerchief with his other hand. The little cambric trifle with which Mrs. King dried her eyes looked very pretty, and she accomplished the task in such a graceful case which in his embarrassment escaped his notice.

Having drawn his handkerchief hastily across his eyes and engaged his forefinger in the benumbing entanglement, Mr. Stryde was able to observe that the weather continued warm, though it began to look considerably like fall.

Imagining that conversation with regard to her late husband was as awkward and distasteful to him as to her, Mrs. King continued to speak of the weather and inquired whether Mr. Stryde intended to take any holidays and where he proposed to spend them.

"O, I'm quite well, thank you. I don't need any rest, and these are rather trying times, you know, and I have to look pretty sharply after business."

"Yes, Stryde, always looking after business," cried Mr. Tully cheerfully, as he entered and shook hands with Mrs. King and Miss Browning. "Always looking after business. You'll be like poor King, taken away while you're looking after business. You ought to be ashamed," continued Tully, as he reclined comfortably in an easy chair and ignored Mrs. King's preparations to shed a few tears. "Never let business interfere with your pleasure. We are all going through the world for the last time. We ought to make the most of it. Isn't that so, Miss Browning? Our time is short, eh?"

Mr. Tully felt that the occasion called for some reference to the uncertainty of life and departure from it, and the only words were as near as he could get to something that he felt would be appropriate without being too funereal.

Mr. Stryde glanced at him in wonder, and Miss Browning neither raised her eyes nor spoke.

"That is what I often told poor John," sighed Mrs. King tremulously as she prepared her handkerchief for the reception of the expected tear.

"Yes, and I often told him that, too," continued Tully airily, "but then he never paid much attention to junior counsel in anything. Nobody needs to warn me about death, and he was born with a warning in my system, and I listen to it with a good deal more readiness than I do to my conscience, I guess."

"Yes, I believe you do, Mr. Tully," assented Miss Browning, lefly, "or I am sure you would have worked yourself to death before this."

"You see Stryde, Miss Browning doesn't believe in the existence of my conscience," laughed Tully stretching out his limbs complacently. "Cruel, isn't she?"

Mr. Stryde had never entertained a very high opinion of Stephen Tully and this flippant conversation jarred discordantly on his sense of propriety.

"Ladies are permitted to express their opinion of us with a good deal of candor, Tully, and I suppose quite often they get very near the truth."

"Doubtless! doubtless!" assented the unruffled Mr. Tully. "Candor is one of Miss Browning's many charms, and when I feel that I am rapidly approaching perfection I find it very beneficial to obtain Miss Browning's opinion as it never fails to bring me back to a proper state of humility."

"I am surprised, Mr. Tully, that with your trained judgment you could ever imagine yourself approaching perfection," observed Miss Browning, whose good nature had been ruffled by the conceit of the conversation.

"You wouldn't have made a good judge, Miss Browning. Really, I don't know, in spite of your intellectual attainments and undoubted honesty, of anyone who would be such a complete failure on the bench as yourself. You look at things in such an intensely partisan way—can't ever see anything but one side—can't even forgive me while acting as counsel for myself for saying a few complimentary things about my clients. Unlike Stryde here, you know, I wasn't born good, and it is awfully hard to get that way after having once made a mistake and turned one's face in the wrong direction. As I came up the street I saw some little girls with a mechanical toy, and when they wound it up the little tin man would run along as merrily as if he were flesh and blood. I thought when I saw it," and as Tully spoke his face saddened, and he pushed his hands deep into his pockets, as was his habit in his rare moments of earnestness, "that mankind are a good deal like that toy. I hear a lion. I determine to go in a certain direction and lift up my feet to start, and away I go in the old path, at right angles to the point I had calculated to steer for." As he passed the bitter reflection filled his mind of his first great mistake and of his interview that morning with Kilick.

Bill Browning had never before heard the slightest tone of earnestness in Tully's voice, and it surprised and softened her.

"Surely you do not compare yourself," she inquired, "to a mechanical contrivance, wound up to run without regard to your own brain and the varying impulses Heaven has given you."

"Yes, Miss Browning, I do. I regret to be so heterodox in such orthodox company, but there is scarcely a thing I do that I can refrain from doing. I may vary it a little from my original intention, but yet I can't help the varying of it. Just as when we are sailing our yacht we may dodge around and tack with the wind, yet we can never sail against the wind Heaven has given us, neither can I sail against the impulses Heaven has given me."

"Perhaps you never try," suggested Miss Browning.

"Now it is remarks like that which cause me to state," laughed Tully resuming his careless manner, "that you are entirely unfitted for a judicial position. 'Never try!' Why, there is no man but tries if for nothing but an experiment. I have experimented on pretty nearly everything. Try! Why, all the excitement of life is in trying, but I should know we never try anything we don't like though occasionally we think we like things for the simple reason that we never tried them. I have never liked anything I have tried. The mere fact of having to try it spoils it for me, leaving no pleasure in it but the winning of it."

"It is that rather queer doctrine, Tully," interposed Stryde, who, as the conversation drifted from the topic he feared, began to feel more at home. "I have imagined that men like best those things which they have to struggle for."

"Well then, you always thought wrong, my dear Mr. Stryde. A man never has to struggle to make his mother like him, and yet he is a brute if he doesn't appreciate her affection. Neither you nor I have a wife and I don't imagine we ever will have one until some woman likes us because she is so foolish that she can't help it. I certainly wouldn't like to set myself the task of making a woman like me because even if I thought I had achieved it I would always be expecting her later on to develop some spontaneous attachment which would leave me out."

"I am afraid, Mr. Tully, you are less fitted for the bench than I am. You seem to forget that all women are not alike, and because you appear to know that class which can give no reason for their attachments, you presume that none of us are guided by anything more than romantic sentiment."

"No, Miss Browning, I did not make that mistake," smiled Mr. Tully as he rose and stretched himself as if desirous of changing the subject. "I do not believe all women taken their affections on a man for the same reason, nor for the best reason, nor, indeed, for any reason, but when they do make a selection they do it with both hands, as it were, and all their might, and when I am selected I want to be selected just that way."

"I should think, Mr. Tully, you would think yourself extremely fortunate if you were selected in any way," retorted Dell, who resented Mr. Tully's very direct address to herself.

Mrs. King had considered it wise to refrain from taking any part in the conversation, believing no doubt that everyone present imagined that she should be too grief-stricken to take the slightest interest in anything except the grave. She was the exact opposite of Mr. Tully. He cared little or nothing for public opinion. She guided her every word and act and tear to suit the ideas of society.

When Mr. Stryde proposed that they should now proceed with the business which had been rendered so unfortunately necessary by the death of his friend, Mrs. King, much interested in Mr. Tully's views of matrimony had been about to join in the conversation, but found it requisite instead to burst into tears.

The lid was raised, and Mrs. King concealed behind her handkerchief and innocent face the pleasure she felt when she found that half of the property had been left unconditionally to her, while she was to have the use of all of it until her son attained his majority. In preparing his will King had apparently endeavored to show his confidence in his wife by making no stipulation except that the sum of a thousand dollars a year was to be set apart by the executors for Jack's education, while all the funds were to be invested by the executors who were instructed that nothing but the interest should be paid to the widow. Mr. Tully had witnessed the will, of course, and was aware of its contents and had already in a careless way considered the financial advantages which would accrue to the man who could succeed in being Mrs. King's second husband, but as he looked at the beautiful girl whose fortune was quite large as Mrs. King's, he wished he had been good enough to excite her respect and love, and in spite of his assertion that he wanted no woman whose affection did not seek him, he again resolved to woo and win her, and as he watched her lovely face and comprehended the glorious loyalty of her heart, he wondered if there could not be some way of influencing her sense of duty in favor of his suit.

CHAPTER VI.

CORA BURNHAM'S HOLD ON MR. TULLY.

"Mrs. Burnham, Fashionable Milliner and Dressmaker," in somewhat damaged gilt letters adorned the window of a small King street store, over which, in two not uncomfortable flats, Mrs. Burnham and her daughter resided. While the business was not very profitable, it more than provided for the widow and her child every week a small sum, together with a portion of Cora's salary, was deposited in the savings bank. Mrs. Burnham believed that her daughter had been born to be a lady, and had been remitting in her efforts to save enough money to give Cora an opportunity of some day posing as a young woman of means and refined leisure, believing that no young person in employment could hope to make an advantageous marriage. Cora had scarcely put on short frocks before her mother began to think of the wedding which was some day to be; the natural result, of course, was that Cora grew to believe that a woman's great and only aim was to marry as early and brilliantly as possible. That a score and two years had passed without this consummation so devoutly hoped for, was not Mrs. Burnham's fault. While she sat basting on tucks and frills and fastening the draperies of dresses, she had woven romances in which Cora had all unconsciously to herself been the eligible young men in the city. She, too, had made plans to capture them for her daughter, but they were such poor, feeble plans and Mrs. Burnham was only an uninfluential dressmaker, they all had failed even before she tried to put them in practice. What could she do to get her daughter into society? True, Cora was much handsomer and better educated than some of Mrs. Burnham's wealthiest customers who were numbered among her upper ten, but this made no difference, for there is no competitive examination for entrance to the charmed circle.

Before Cora was fifteen she and her mother had often sat in the little back parlor for hours of an evening discussing the best means of making money and obtaining a footing, always arriving at the same conclusion—that her only hope was in marrying a professional man, who with the assistance of his wealthy wife, they felt sure might be able to achieve a distinguished position, even though his commencement might be somewhat lowly. When Cora was long in her mother's confidence, as she had had to keep a girl to do the housework, she might as well let her front room to a couple of gentlemen lodgers, and she was very thankful in this way they might entertain a social angel unawares, and thereby lay the foundation of the matrimonial alliance so uppermost in their minds. Nor was it strange that these things should have so possessed them. Mrs. Burnham knew nothing of the world outside of her shop, and the little she had learned from talk of the fashionable women who came to be measured and fitted, echoed in a still smaller but more persistent way by the chattering sewing girls in the back room, whose busy tongues dwelt on nothing but beaux, and their longings were for nothing more ennobling than a chance to meet them and quit work.

After various experiments with young gentlemen lodgers, some of whom came home tipsy, others went away without paying the rent, Mr. Stephen Tully engaged the apartment. He had recently been called to the bar, and was working hard at a practice which though he had brought him already into prominence, had made him but little money. Mrs. Burnham at once decided that Mr. Tully would exactly suit Cora, who was immediately called from school to act as amanuensis for a young lawyer. It was hardly a month before Mr. Tully obtained a partnership with John King, and, his fortune being assured, he sought more fashionable quarters. Then a legacy left him by an English uncle, and much exaggerated in amount by the newspaper items which announced it, suddenly made Mr. Tully quite a lion in the social world, and Cora Burnham saw nothing more of the handsome lawyer for several years.

She and her mother, however, did not despair, and it was decided that she should learn stenography, just then becoming a favorite employment for young women, and endeavor to get a situation in Mr. Tully's office. Sometimes in the law offices where she was employed she saw Mr. Tully, who always saluted with her in his jolly way, and her long-nursed liking grew into love. Two years before this story opened she became bookkeeper for Stephen Tully & Tully, and joy began to brighten Mrs. Burnham's back parlor, for the mother and daughter saw their castles in the air materializing, and every evening Cora would tell her mother what Mr. Tully had said during the day, and how he had looked at her and praised her work, and the girl's confidence in her lover was strong in her. Sometimes the dread would come upon them that Mr. Tully was too proud to marry his bookkeeper, but they would reassure themselves by deciding that as soon as Cora obtained a firm hold upon him she would leave the office, and make it possible for them to be married without gossip or loss of caste on his part.

When the speculative wave swept over the city there was no bolder operator than Stephen Tully, his reputed wealth made it possible for him to engage in large deals on a very small margin, and when the reaction came no one was deeper in the pit than he. Fortunately it was not known that he had not confined himself to the use of his own capital but had invested a large amount belonging to clients, who had supposed that his money had been put into a mortgage. The circumstances were rather peculiar. The client had called to advise with his solicitor concerning the investment $20,000 and Mr. Tully, who managed all his business and was the custodian of all his papers, assured him that he could place the amount with absolute safety in a half-a-dozen properties upon which other clients were anxious to obtain loans. The client reposed entire faith in the lawyer, and gave the firm a check for the amount. Being in very great need of funds, and believing that in a few days the tide would turn, Tully used the money to protect some property upon which he must lose his margin if the amount were not immediately forthcoming. A couple of weeks later on he assured his client, in answer to a casual question, that the titles of the borrowers were being investigated, and in this way kept the matter standing for a month. Matters were becoming still more serious, and in his desperation Tully consulted Mr. Henn, a well-known broker, and was assured that a couple of thousands put on a wheat margin would be sure to reap a little fortune, as it was absolutely positive that the market would jump up within a week. This time office money was used, and to avoid detection Tully asked Miss Burnham not to enter the check in the cash book for a few days, as a point of law in the matter existed which he was acting made it necessary for the entry to be delayed, as their books might possibly be brought into court. Four years in a law office had made the property had been left unconditionally to her, while she was to have the use of all of it until her son attained his majority. In preparing his will King had apparently endeavored to show his confidence in his wife by making no stipulation except that the sum of a thousand dollars a year was to be set apart by the executors for Jack's education, while all the funds were to be invested by the executors who were instructed that nothing but the interest should be paid to the widow. Mr. Tully had witnessed the will, of course, and was aware of its contents and had already in a careless way considered the financial advantages which would accrue to the man who could succeed in being Mrs. King's second husband, but as he looked at the beautiful girl whose fortune was quite large as Mrs. King's, he wished he had been good enough to excite her respect and love, and in spite of his assertion that he wanted no woman whose affection did not seek him, he again resolved to woo and win her, and as he watched her lovely face and comprehended the glorious loyalty of her heart, he wondered if there could not be some way of influencing her sense of duty in favor of his suit.

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"Mrs. Burnham, Fashionable Milliner and Dressmaker," in somewhat damaged gilt letters adorned the window of a small King street store, over which, in two not uncomfortable flats, Mrs. Burnham and her daughter resided. Troubles came thicker and faster. Wheat did not advance, but broker Henn assured him that the change had to come, and vigorously advised him to make his margins good. Tully told him to keep up the margins and charge the amount to him, giving him a note for a large amount as security. By disposing of a very large block of property at a ruinous sacrifice Tully obtained his client's money, and assured him that he had been able to cancel the transactions by the payment of a small discount. The forced Tully to still further make a confidante of his fair bookkeeper, and loss after loss having been made, and wheat continuing to go down instead of up, Mr. Tully was still unable to make good the check which Miss Burnham had been assured would be returned in a few days.

The gambling spirit finds its easiest victim in the man who has been made reckless by impending ruin. The less a man can afford to lose, the more ready he is to take desperate risks. Having once begun operations as a grain and stock speculator, Tully continued to supply broker Henn with his notes of hand until his indebtedness had reached a very large amount, and the broker consulted with Killick, his solicitor, as to the solvency of his creditor. Killick was of the opinion that Tully, with professional and financial ruin staring him in the face, was forced to make over the remainder of his property to avoid expense and complicated disorder. This did not cancel his debt to Henn, only quieting him. The original two thousand dollars Tully had used of the firm's money had to be found by the firm, and, as it came from an unexpected quarter, Cora Burnham had become thoroughly frightened by the condition of affairs, particularly by her own share of the blame. She had urged her mother as to the best way out of it they had decided to take from their savings an amount, sufficient to cover the deficit, and offer it to the handsome Mr. Tully as a loan. That this would certainly be a favor which Mr. Tully could not forget and would reward by a proposal of marriage, strengthened them in their resolve to act the part of friend in-need even though it took half of their savings to do it.

Next morning Stephen Tully came into the office looking dejected and miserable. A late night at the club was the reason he had been drowning his sorrow in too copious libations left sinister lines on his handsome face. As he passed his book-keeper he inquired if Mr. King was yet in his office. His face almost frightened her as he turned and entered his private room. The door had scarcely been closed when, with a bundle of papers in her hand, she gently tapped for admittance. His surly "Come in" was unlike the cheerful tones of the gay young bachelor who was such a general favorite, and as she closed the door behind her he glanced sullenly up to see who it was, giving a very perceptible start at demanding nervously, "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," she answered tremulously, "but mother and I were talking over your difficulties last night, and we have a little money saved and—and—and as you have been so kind to us, I—we—we thought if you would not be offended we would offer you this check which will be enough to make your account all right."

Tully picked up the check which Cora had laid on the desk, glanced at the amount, and then swinging around in his chair stared for a moment at his bookkeeper as if he could scarcely comprehend the impulse which had prompted the loan. The girl's trembling face and downcast eyes revealed to him in an instant—what he had perhaps suspected—that affection had led to act as his mother had said and was now offering the sacrifice of her little fortune to save him. Springing to his feet he seized her hands and his words of gratitude were very, very fervent. Some of them, too, unmixed with triumph she felt that her fortune was at last made. Until released by the bookkeeper she sat in little glass partitioned room gazing at the columns of figures in the cash book, thinking how proud her mother would be when she heard the news, and how, when she told Cora Burnham—what—Mrs. Tully, how she would take good care that her husband made no more reckless ventures and compromising bankers.

After the check had been cashed, the money returned and the danger past, Mr. Stephen Tully with his door locked, sat in his office chair, his feet high on the desk before him, thinking as he pulled steadily at his cigar, that he had been far too impulsive and had gotten out of one difficulty by getting into another.

"Confound it," he thought, "I might have shown my gratitude without making an ass of myself. A man should be careful not to marry every who lends him a couple of thousand. It will knock the town cold when they hear I am going to marry the book-keeper in my office—and that's vulgar, schoolgirlish, motherly, she'll damn me socially even if I could work Cora into good society.

The longer he thought of it the more gratitude gave way to selfishness, and when he put on his hat and resolved to go out and brace his nerves with a brandy and soda, he had decided not to be in any hurry in marrying the lovely Cora, and bye-and-bye he might get out of it altogether. In the meantime he would caution the girl against publishing their engagement, which he did as he passed her desk.

"Be sure and don't mention that matter we were speaking about to Miss Burnham," he said in a formal half whisper as he bent over her book. "Of course you understand it would be injudicious."

That was the first blow to her new-found happiness, and her castles were not quite so lofty nor so plainly in sight when she went home to her luncheon, as they had been in the morning.

(To be Continued.)

Old Chocolate's Jocoserious Chat.

De fool needs two tongues an' on'y one eah.
Ef yo' try long 'nuff, yo' kin walk a tight rope.
Sometimes de bait ah waff mo'en de fish hit catches.
W'en yo' er in a orchud yo' sellom hankah fo' apples.
A friendship once broken kin be mended, but de cracks ull allus show.
De chick dat won't come in at a cluck sets grand scrub by de coop w'en hit rains.
Measha yo' watah toe yo' meal w'en yo' make cake er yo' ull hab porridge instead.
Many a man dat never knows what he kin do kin ribber am drowns befo' he fin's out.
A moud-ful ob souse in a house whar dar er peace am bettah en a whole shoat wid a quarrel.
Ef yo' wan' ter ketch a fish hit ull mebbe a heap pos' down toe a whip-stalk widout usin' edah ob um.

Inconvenient Absence of Mind.

A certain great artiste is very absent-minded. Calling the other day on a widow who had just lost her husband, she said:

"Alas, madame, you have lost your helpmate; how I pity you!" and then falling into a brown study about heaven knows what, and still forgetting the subject of conversation, she added, a few moments after:

"Madame, was that your only one?"

The Real Reason.

A Yankee and a southerner were disputing the other day about the merits of the respective sections.

"Come!" at last exclaimed the man from south, "you don't really mean me to believe what you just told me? It's only a joke, isn't it?"

"I assure you, on my honor, that it is pure truth. I am not in the habit of telling 'whoppers,' and a lie has never passed my lips."

"Oh, I can understand that!" replied the southerner, "since you speak through your nose."

A Consistent Bartender.

Brokup—Will you oblige me with just one more drink?

Bartender—Not another one. I don't want you to stagger under the burden of your obligations to me.

Very Discouraging.

It is discouraging to a young man who has always been instructed to look out for number one, to note that the number that took the capital prize was somewhere about forty-one thousand one hundred and forty-four.

German Jokes.

Victor—Do Franz and Carl still call at your house?

Young coquet—Yes, every night.

Is it Carl or Franz whose love is reciprocated?"

"Both of them."

JOYFUL TIDINGS.

Millionaire—Herr Baron, you seem to have something of importance to communicate.

Baron—My dear sir, I wish to convey the gospel tidings, so to speak, that I have selected you as my future father-in-law.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

Schultz—What was going on over at your house last night? It sounded like an earthquake.

Miller—Oh! nothing at all; it was a mere trifle, in fact. My wife asked how I came home so late.

THE SHORN LAMB.

Tailor—You promised to pay for that suit of clothes by instalment.

Gilded youth—Yes, that's so.

"Why did you promise to pay that way, and then fall to pay the first one of the instalments?"

"I did that from the kindest of motives. I thought you would suffer less if I quit paying at once. It seems harsh, but it is really merciful."

DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Guest—I wish I had come here a week ago.

Proprietor—Ah, that's very flattering to my hotel.

"I don't know about that. What I mean is that I would have preferred to have eaten this fish then instead of now."

St. Charles Restaurant

LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank.

Just opened (up stairs) the Handsomest Dining Room in the City for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor as usual.

F. MOSSOP, Proprietor.

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LATEST DESIGNS

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And the styles far surpass anything that we have hitherto kept in stock. An early visit will ensure a view of all the different patterns.

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Trunk, Bag and Valise Makers

105 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO

Steam Laundry

106 YORK STREET

LATE

54 WELLINGTON STREET WEST

Has removed to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, 106 York Street, a few doors north of King Street.

G. P. SHARPE.

The Rector and his Curate.

"And how is darling Ponto? Was he glad to see his mistress? What, hungry? Wait a bit, and he shall have a nice bit of chicken for his breakfast, the dear little doggie!"

Still holding the black-faced pug in her arms, Mrs. Templeman, wife of the rector of Penfold, advanced to the breakfast table, when she caught sight of a bulky missive that caused her to drop Ponto hurriedly, regardless of his pathetic howls at being defrauded of the chicken.

"Marchmont's bill!" she exclaimed, as she glanced at the envelope with a frown on her usually placid forehead. "I dread to look at it!" Summoning up courage, she tore it open, and uttered a dismayed expression as her eye fell on the total. "A hundred and eighty pounds! Really, Marchmont is too bad! Her charges are most exorbitant! And yet there is no one fits me as she does! I must coax Arthur to give me a check, for I want her to make me three dresses for Brighton. Let me see! Shall I have the navy blue serge braided with white or red?"

Ethel Templeman was a tall, handsome woman, on the shady side of thirty, but she did not look a day more than twenty-five. She was dark, with glossy hair black as a raven's wing, a magnificent pair of eyes, shaded by long dark lashes that lay on a peach-tinted cheek. She was a superb figure, always exquisitely dressed, and her husband was very proud of her. She pushed the obnoxious bill aside, and proceeded to pour out the coffee.

A tall, broad-shouldered man, with a tawny mustache, and an easy, good-tempered expression of countenance, entered the room, and took his seat at the table.

"You are late, dear," exclaimed his wife reproachfully, as with unwonted graciousness she took his cup of coffee to him.

It was a pretty scene. The long French windows were open, and the cool fresh breeze swept in, bringing with it a delicious odor of roses and jasmine. The golden sunlight fell on the green lawn, smooth as velvet, on which the dewdrops glittered like diamonds, or on a copper-colored beach and cluster of stately pines; on flower beds brilliant with blossom; on the large handsome room furnished with exquisite taste; on the table covered with its snowy cloth and glittering silver. Truly—the lot of the rector of Penfold was cast in pleasant places.

"I shall want you to let me have a check, Arthur," said Mrs. Templeman, as her husband laid aside the paper and made a furious onslaught on a game pie near him.

"What!" he exclaimed, in a surprised tone. "Why! You had eighty pounds last month! Really, Ethel, your allowance is a mere farce!"

"I can't help it," she pouted. "I am sure I wish to be economical, but you know you always like to see me well dressed."

"But you are so extravagant," remonstrated her husband, "I really cannot spare you any more money now. Sinclair was here yesterday asking for an increase of salary."

"Preposterous!" Mrs. Templeman exclaimed, vehemently. "Of course you refused? A hundred a year is quite enough for a curate."

"He spoke very strongly—very strongly, indeed," said the rector, nervously playing with the game pie on his plate. "He reminded me that I was receiving a stipend of twelve hundred pounds, and that I only paid him a hundred and fifty. He said he did not think he was asking too much, as I was absent eight months out of the twelve, during which time the whole duty of the parish devolved on him, and he had been with me fifteen years."

"Well, what does that matter?" she answered, sharply. "Length of service in the Church, as a curate, is nothing. Look at the matter from your point of view. You can have your choice of twenty or thirty men to morrow to fill Sinclair's place at a hundred a year—so, if you give him a hundred and fifty you are really making him a present of fifty pounds a year. Don't be absurdly generous, Arthur!"

"But Sinclair is such a faithful servant," pleaded her husband; he really, as I said before, does all the work of the parish. In common honesty he ought to have the increase he asks for. He is a thoroughly conscientious good man, and he begged so earnestly for it. His six children have all been ill—with measles, I think he said, and he fears his wife is in consumption."

"However is that curates are always blessed with such a flock of children?" Mrs. Templeman said gaily.

"I don't know—but it must be a hard struggle to make two ends meet," he replied. "I really don't like to refuse Sinclair."

"That is nonsense!" said his wife angrily. "Don't be absurd, Arthur! Tell him it is impossible for you to grant it now, but that you will see what you can do in another six months."

The rector sighed.

"Well, I suppose it must be so," he said regretfully, "but I hate to think of the look there will be on the poor fellow's face when I tell him."

And so the curate was put of, but the dressmaker received her cheque in due course.

It was a sultry day in July. The hot sun beat fiercely down on the curate of Penfold as he walked along the dusty white road to visit a sick parishioner. There had been no rain for nearly a month; the grass was brown, the pools dried up, the cattle lying under the trees in the meadow seemed faint with heat. Ernest Sinclair lifted his hat from his hot head, but there was not a breath of air stirring.

There was a deeper shadow than usual on the good, kind face—a face that had once been handsome, but now bore marks of bitter pain and trouble. He was haunted by the fear that his wife would not recover from the severe illness that had seized her only a few months ago. His heart was heavy as he thought of the sweet patient face with the look of deep suffering on it, and he sighed deeply as the awful fear that never left him—no, not for a moment—made him feel sick and faint.

There was a sound of horse's hoofs on the dusty road, and he looked back mechanically.

"Holloa, Sinclair," said the village doctor, as he reined in his steed, "how is Mrs. Sinclair, to day?"

"Worse, I fear," replied the curate, lifting his haggard face; "this intense heat tries her terribly."

"You don't look very well yourself, Sinclair," said the doctor, anxiously. "What brings you out such an afternoon as this? The heat is something terrific. By Jove! It's bad enough riding—walking must be no joke!"

"I am going to visit old Mrs. Norton; she has just sent for me. Is it true she is dying?"

"She won't last many days," said the doctor. "But that's a good two miles from here—you'll be knocked up, old fellow. Well, I must be getting on. I'll call and see Mrs. Sinclair on my way back. Rector still at Brighton, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Sinclair, "I heard from him this morning—he said he doubted if he should be home before September.

"Ah, he's got a nice, easy life of it!" the doctor remarked. Well—good-bye and take care of yourself, Sinclair."

An hour later the doctor tied his horse to the curate's garden gate, and, not accustomed to stand on ceremony with the Sinclairs, he gave a slight tap at the parlor door and entered the room. It was a small, close room with a threadbare carpet and a general air of shabbiness about it.

A tall woman, looking painfully thin and fragile, was nursing a bonny boy that had not seen his first birthday, and she seemed hardly able to hold him, as he tried to reach a ball which his brother, mounted on a high chair, was holding just above him.

She held out her thin hand, which the doctor felt was burning with a hot, dry heat, as he clasped it for a moment, and looked anxiously at her face.

"You should not nurse that heavy boy, Mrs. Sinclair," he said impatiently. "You have hardly strength to stand, and you are simply killing yourself."

"And who is to nurse him, doctor?" she asked, a smile on the poor pale lips, but the tears standing in her still beautiful eyes. "Martha is busy doing the housework—with six little children there is so much to do—and now I am too ill to help her she can hardly get through it."

"You should put him down and let him crawl," said the doctor.

"Ah! it is easy to say that!" she sighed, a tired ring in the soft tones of her voice, as she took in the sorrowful eyes. "But he won't crawl, and he cries the minute he is out of my arms."

"Let him cry," he replied sharply; "it won't hurt him."

"But it hurts me," she said quietly. "The noise in a room of this size is worse than the pain of nursing him."

A fit of coughing interrupted her, and the doctor took the boy from her arms.

She sank down on the horsehair sofa, the pitiless, hacking cough shaking her fragile frame, and when it left her, she lay back breathless and exhausted. The doctor looked at the white, quivering face with sad, pitying eyes, and as he looked there rose before his mental sight a vision so vivid that it seemed like reality—of a girl with a bright, laughing face, lit by two deep blue eyes, with coquettish dimples playing hide and seek round a sweet red mouth—a girl whom the curate had brought to Penfold with such loving pride eleven years ago. Alas! how sadly she was changed! The soft tones of her voice had a sorrowful, weary ring, even as the eyes had a sorrowful weary look in them, and the doctor sighed as he looked at the sweet, pathetic face on which the shadow of death lay so plainly.

"But for Ernest, I should be glad to go," she said, with a sight that was one long sob. "It has been trouble upon trouble, pain upon pain, and we get none of the pleasures of life. During the last month, when the heat has been so intense, the sea has haunted me," she said, wistfully, a faraway look in the great deep eyes. "Sometimes I wake in the night and fancy I can hear the musical murmur of the waves, and then I know I have been dreaming and that I shall look upon the beautiful sea never again! Never again! For you know," she added so quietly that the doctor hardly caught the words, "there shall be no more sea."

The doctor did not speak. What could he say? As the truthful, pathetic words fell on his ear, he seemed to see the barren, empty lives stretched before him, destitute of all things lovely and pleasant—one constant struggle for bare existence!

And as he involuntarily thought of the luxurious pleasure-filled lives of the rector and his wife, his heart seemed to turn within him, and he could have cried with the saints of old: "How long shall the ungodly triumph!"

It was the 4th of September. The Templemans still lingered at Brighton; but business compelled the rector to run up for a day He had written to Sinclair to meet the train arriving at Penfold at ten o'clock, and, as the train steamed into the little village station, he saw the curate's tall, thin figure on the platform. There was such a haggard look of misery on his white face, that the rector felt startled.

"It anything of importance, Sinclair?" he asked hurriedly, as they shook hands.

But the curate did not seem to hear him.

"I think you had better come to my rooms," he said quietly. "I am ready to listen to what you have to tell me."

They walked together along the quiet road, but the rector, instead of stating his business, kept gazing at Sinclair's face—the eyes looked as though sleep had not visited them for nights, the lips were white and quivered with pain.

"What is the matter, Sinclair?" he said at last. "How is your wife?"

Such a look of rage and anger passed over the man's face that involuntarily the rector drew away.

He felt a little afraid. Really—was Sinclair going out of his mind? He certainly looked more like a lunatic than a sane man. In a few minutes they came in sight of the curate's cottage, which stood at the corner of the road. Then Sinclair turned to his companion:

"You asked me how my wife was," he said. "Will you come in and see her?"

Not caring to refuse the rector said, "Yes," and they entered the little cottage together.

There was a strange hush and stillness about the house. There was no sound of children's voices, and the rector felt a little awe-struck as he followed his companion up the steep ladder-like staircase.

"Is she obliged to keep her bed?" he asked, but he met with no answer.

The curate flung open the door of a small sleeping chamber, and motioned to the rector to enter. The blind was drawn, and the room was so dark that at first he could only discern a figure lying upon the bed—there was a heavy, overpowering perfume of flowers, and, as he went nearer he saw that the curate's wife lay in the sleep from which there is no awaking. The dead lips were still, the loving eyes closed for ever.

"Dead!" he cried in a shocked tone. "Dead! Oh, Sinclair! I had no idea it was so bad as this."

But the curate, with a long, low cry, had fallen on his knees beside the prostrate form, and was covering the cold face with kisses.

"Oh! My love!" he sobbed. "Come back to me!"

It was awful to witness the strong man's agony as his burning tears fell on the motionless face; as his lips clung to the lips that had always before returned her kisses, that had never worn aught but a smile for him.

"You will make yourself ill, Sinclair," said the rector, gently. "Come away! Indeed I am very sorry."

With a bound the man sprang to his feet and faced the rector with burning, glittering eyes.

"Sorry!" he exclaimed. "Your sympathy took a practical shape! But for you she might not be lying there! She died starved to death, I tell you! She could not eat the coarse food that was all we could afford to buy—and the money that might have bought her a few bottles of tonic, or a few bunches of grapes for her poor parched lips—you refused me! Heaven knows I loved her! Look at her, as she lies there," he continued, as he turned the rector round, and forced him to look at the inanimate form, "she is just past thirty—and see the lines pain and sorrow have made in her face. And I could only stand by helpless! What is life to me now?"

The rector stood confused and bewildered under the sudden attack.

"We will do all we can," he said, but the curate interrupted him furiously—

"Can you call the dead to life? Can you give her back to me? Go! Go!" he cried, flinging the door of the room open. "Go! and may the God you profess to serve be as merciful to you in your hour of need, as you have been to me and mine!" And the rector, unable to utter a word, turned slowly away and left the man alone with his dead wife.

At the Close of the Dance.

Mr. Corsher (master of ceremonies)—I'se godder word t' say t' yo', Mistah Yelks!

Mr. Yelks—Wha!

Mr. Corsher—Yo' darnced d' las' set wiv Deac. Sarker's gal!

Mr. Yelks—Umpah.

Mr. Corsher—Whadjer say t' d' gal when yo' crossed ober dat las' squirl ob d' reel?

Mr. Yelks—Whad I say!

Mr. Corsher—Ya-a-as, yo' scum. Whadjer say!

Mr. Yelks—Hol' on, now! who's 'sponsible fer dis 'vestigation?

Mr. Corsher—I ia.

Mr. Yelks—Well, den, whadjer cal'late I say!

Mr. Corsher—S' here, now, yo' Lijah Yelks, I don' wan' no siccumnavigatin' ob dis mattah! W'en yo' tunned d' cohner down b' dat Hoskin's gal didn' yo' chuck out a whispah t' d' 'fec' dat dis yer ball 'minded yo' ob a crow-roost struck b' lightnin'?

Mr. Yelks—Dat's mergin' on whad 'r said.

Mr. Corsher—Pull razzers!

Mr. Yelks—Hol' on! Yo'se gittin' flustid, Mr. Corsher. Did yo' ever see d' slt'wation whad'r mentioned?

Mr. Corsher—Nopey; budder don' wan' no sperities on my ...an'gemunt ob dis yer darnce! Dat 'r don't, yo' brack sludge, dat 'r don't!

Mr. Yelks—Ain't no sperities, Mistah Corsher, I 'shaw yer. (Use snuff! Hit's good fer d' smeller.) Lis'en. W'en d' crows sees d' lightnin' come, a chum-pah! down inter d' roost, whad's dey do? Whad's dey do, Mistah Corsher? Why, all d' crows whad's godder reputation fer bein' hones' dey jes' sets still wiv dar wifes an' fambiys, an' lets all d' rogue crows do d' shoutin' an' d' grumblin' en—I'se glad yo'se put dat razzer up, Mistah Corsher; I wuz begin t' t'ink yo' might be a gittin' mad.

A Close Call.

Kansas Editor—The *Razooper* is not for sale at any price, to-day, Mr. Cash.

Cash—How's that? You were anxious to dispose of it for anything you could get, yesterday.

Editor—Yesterday to be sure. But this morning, I learned that four circuses would visit Boomopolis, this summer, and I'll have you know, sir, this office always gets four complimentary tickets from each show. No, sir, the paper is not for sale at any price. Why, man alive, a woman, with one of the shows, eats glass—actually eats it.

Not in the Best of Trim.

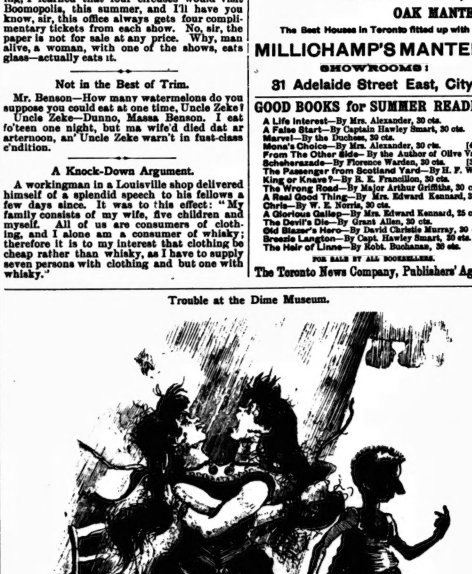
Mr. Benson—How many watermelons do you suppose you could eat at one time, Uncle Zeke?

Uncle Zeke—Dunno, Massa Benson. I eat fo'teen one night, but ma wife'd died dat ar arternoon, an' Uncle Zeke warn't in fust-class c'ndition.

A Knock-Down Argument.

A workingman in a Louisville shop delivered himself of a splendid speech to his fellows a few days since. It was to this effect: "My family consists of my wife, five children and myself. All of us are consumers of clothing, and I alone am a consumer of whisky; therefore it is to my interest that clothing be cheap rather than whisky, as I have to supply seven persons with clothing and but one with whisky."

Trouble at the Dime Museum.



Elephant boy (to manager, outside)—You'd better come in here, boss. Der two-headed gal's fightin' wid herself again.—*Time.*

A Lament from Harlem.

Mrs. Grogan—Oi hear, Mistress Cassidy, that they do be goin' to put up a row av brownstone dwellings on the Avynoo teyant.

Mrs. Cassidy—Yis; it do be a brain' shame how these rich parvaynoos are crowding out th' ould families uptown here!—*Puck.*

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Our Column on Etiquette.

Society may and does occasionally caress the polished moral leper whilst it persistently refuses to tolerate the honest individual who, at the table, persists in placing his knife where the fork alone should be an honored guest.

There are very few who have not had occasion to regret the neglect shown towards matters pertaining to social breeding. Fewer still are the number of those who have not been the pained witnesses of that hot flush of shame which has crimsoned many a youngster's face at the committal of some solecism of breeding, whether real or imaginary.

To obey the instinct of quiet common sense is, of course, the best foundation to work from in this matter. Still there are certain almost indefinable points that stamp the man of gentle nurture at a glance, which can only be acquired by advice and personal experience.

Pride and a species of false shame prevent many from seeking a proper relief at such a juncture, and it is because of this, and in response to many inquiries sent to the Society Department of SATURDAY NIGHT, that the management has decided to open a column which will be devoted to the questions of those who are in doubt on points of social etiquette. This column will be in thoroughly competent hands, and as there are none who have not felt at some period or other the need of advice on this subject, our correspondence will naturally be materially increased. Correspondents will be answered in the order in which their letters are received. The name of the writer is not required; all that is necessary will be some assumed name by which the writer will recognize the answer to his or her question when it appears in this column.

Not at Home.

Very few of the phrases current in society life have been made the subject of so much pulpit and church parlor eloquence as the expression which heads this paragraph. The latter, however, holds its own bravely, and in the language of the ring comes up smiling at the end of every round.

"Not at Home" has been denounced as a liar, a trickster and a cheat, but "Not at Home" declines to be suppressed, and holds up its much abused head as high as ever.

Its uncompromising opponents denounce it unceasingly at our street corners, in our meeting places, and occasionally flirt with it at home. Another portion of the community charitably alludes to it as a necessary evil. Then, again, there are others, and their number is legion, who stoutly contend that there is no deception in the matter. "Not at Home" is not used in its material sense, nor is it accepted as such by him or her to whom it is addressed. The expression is intended to convey the fact that the one called upon is not receiving at that particular moment. Whether from absence, or being otherwise engaged, or from personal disinclination to receive the caller, does not enter into consideration, and this being the case, supporters of the phrase contend that the element of offence being withdrawn, the phrase is perfectly permissible. They further claim, and with much show of reason, that the literal truth in many cases would be too positively brutal to be endured, and of the two evils, if "Not at Home" is to be considered an evil, they decidedly prefer to choose the lesser. The question has always been a disputed one, although it must be admitted that its supporters have generally the better of the argument. But be this as it may, there are few of us, endorsers of it or otherwise, but have had occasion at one time or another in our lives to be thankful to the forgotten, but frequently honored, inventor of "Not at Home."

Elocution in Our Drawing-rooms.

By the introduction of the professional element into the drawing-rooms of England and the continent, a world of anxiety has been lifted from the heart of the society hostess. Although this element has not obtained very appreciably here, it is not an entirely unknown quantity in Toronto society. To those who have carefully considered the question and counted the cost, there is a tendency to enlarge the sphere of professional assistance at our society entertainments, and the latest fad in this direction is the encouragement offered to the professional elocutionist.

That the introduction of an artistical factor of amusement, especially in our afternoon affairs, is desirable, every one admits, for every one is wearied of the eternal round of humdrum conversation, tea and cakes which alone is offered at the present time. The commencement of another season is a happy period for the introduction of this much-desired change. The amateur elocutionist, with certain exceptions, is not required. Society has had enough of amateurism. What is wanted is one who, in addition to qualified gifts in this direction, has not disdained to cultivate the graces of the drawing-room, as well as those of the platform. There is no lack in Toronto, of people of both sexes, who are eminently qualified for such work. Many of these are not equal to the public platform, and yet are especially fitted for a more restricted audience. In the coming season of 1888-89 it is altogether probable we shall see and hear more of the professional elocutionist at our society entertainments.

MUSIC

Mr. Frederic Archer gave another recital on Thursday, October 11, this time at All Saints' Church, the occasion being the opening of the new Warren organ at that church. The instrument is a singularly bright and pleasing one, and as Mr. Archer's programme was rather better than on his previous visit, it was hardly surprising that the church was completely filled, the audience overflowing into the vestries. The stately Clock Movement, by Haydn, first awoke the interest of the audience, which speedily saw the beauties of Gounod's curious Funeral March of a Marionette. The Krebs Fugue was played by Mr. Archer as only he can play such work, and it is a composition that adds unusual brightness and spirit to the ponderous movement. Mr. Archer played two overtures, the Freischuletz and William Tell, the presto at the close of the latter being taken at a terrific pace.

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His registration of these overtures was a careful and close reproduction of the orchestration, and those who had the privilege of sitting near the organist enjoyed the rare sight of a man playing on all three manuals at once. The Storm Fantasia brought out, more than any other number, the resources of Mr. Archer as an illustrative organist. The choir of the church, under Mr. Percy V. Greenwood, sang the choruses, which were rather too heavy for them. Mr. Schuch was in good voice, and gave effective renderings of the Lost Chord, and Handel's But Who May Abide.

•

On Friday evening a monster audience was gathered in the Mutual street Rink to hear the finest band concert we have ever had in Toronto. Three fine bands, the Queen's Own, the Grenadiers' and the Thirteenth Battalion were combined in one immense band, numbering over one hundred performers. The full band played splendidly, a surprising unity of pitch and time being evident, and a magnificent, warm, full tone being the result. The Kreutzer overture was splendidly rendered, and the varieties of national airs in the Tour through Europe afforded a most brilliant and kaleidoscopic tone picture. The Tannhæuser Festmarsch was not quite so successfully rendered, the tempo being a trifle slow. The popular Anvil Chorus and Owls' Patrol at the close of the concert represented the lighter vein of music, and met with much approbation. The playing of the individual bands was surprisingly good, emulation and friendly rivalry running high.

•

I took the points of the bands' work on the first pieces they played with the following results, the maximum in each department being ten:

Band.	Time.	Tone.	Attack.	Solo.	Ensemble.	Quality.	Total.
XIII.	7	10	10	7½	8	9	62½
X.	8	8	9	7	7	7	39
Q.O.R.	9	9	9	9½	9	9	54½

•

The piece played by Mr. Waldron's band contained no solo passages which accounts for its comparatively low rating; it would probably have reached 47. Still this band played marvellously well considering the short time Mr. Waldron has had to shake it down, and it is a credit to him that its rating is so high in comparison with such splendid bands. Mr. Clarke's cornet solo in Robert selection was splendidly played, though a little more spirit in the tempo would have been acceptable. Altogether the concert was a perfect success, and I have heard numerous wishes expressed for its early repetition.

•

Monday evening the Hungarian Gypsy Band opened a week's entertainment at the Permanent Exhibition on Front street. It is surprising to find what a pleasant place this is for a concert. Over eight hundred comfortable seats with abundant room for promenading in a well-lighted building, containing much to interest the eye, make this a very good concert room, and I am glad to find that Messrs. Howland & Nicholls have the enterprise to keep these entertainments up during the season. All who attended our great Exhibition have admired the playing of this band, although it was under the disadvantage of playing in an open space. In the present building they are heard to proper advantage. Pleasing as is their rendering of ordinary orchestral music, it is in their own peculiar music that these musicians excel. The wild, passionate rhythm, ever changing, and the delicious melodies and sensuous harmonies give these productions of untutored musical fancy a strength, beside which the more formal music of classicism and of colder countries pales and droops. The softness and richness of tone, caused by the absence of brass instruments, lends an additional charm to this music.

METRONOME.

Saw the Connection.

"Is that check good for anything?" asked a passenger off the Lake Shore Road of the policeman at the Detroit & Milwaukee depot yesterday.

"No, sir," replied the officer, after an inspection. "That's a confidence man's check. How much did you let him have?"

"Thirty dollars."

"Well, you have been swindled. Didn't you ever read of Jerry games?"

"Lots of times."

"And yet you were roped in?"

"Yes."

"I can't help you any."

"I don't want you to. I want you to look at this."

He handed the officer a parcel which, upon being opened, was found to contain a large bunch of human hair which had been pulled out by the roots, together with a piece of a man's ear.

"And count this," added the man, as he held out a roll of money.

"Here are $70, and what does it all mean?" asked the officer.

"I'm the man that was swindled. This truck belonged to the chap who thought he had caught a sucker. See the connection? Closely observe my left eye. See any squash in there? Feel of my head. Any soft spots anywhere around? Tra-la, old boy, and tell Tom not to weep for yours truly!"

Passionate persons are like men who stand upon their heads—they see all things the wrong way.—*Plato.*

DRAMA

I know of no actress, of late, whose coming amongst us has awakened so much expectancy as that of Maude Banks, who, during the present week of grace, came, saw, but did not conquer the theater-going public of Toronto.

•

How could she? The theater-going public of Toronto was not on hand to be conquered. On Monday and Tuesday the audiences were fair, and only fair. Though not of the largest, however, they were appreciative, and occasionally warmed up into enthusiasm.

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Miss Banks has failed, in this her initial effort here, to achieve that success which I honestly believe her undeveloped powers will win for her in the near future.

•

The support, always excepting Edward J. Buckley, was, alas, the outward and visible sign of the rawest amateurishness; in fact, the whole interest during the week has, with the one exception mentioned, centered in Miss Banks' undeniably handsome looks, and that promise which she gives of future excellence.

•

Her stage presence is very graceful, her posing being delightfully natural; and I must take exception to the criticism of a morning paper, which speaks of her voice as being a harsh one. As a matter of fact the latter possesses the sympathetic quality, handicapped this week, I grant you, by a troublesome cold.

•

It seemed to me that Miss Banks has gone in largely for amateur recitals prior to her entrance on the stage. There are still traces of the cloven foot, which is such a marked feature of the Philadelphia School of Elocution. However that is a fault which, with many others, I expect will be cured by Miss Banks, before the world is much older.

•

Though a trifle overweighted at times by the characters she was cast in, Miss Banks on several occasions rose to the height of positive power. Especially was this the case in Leah, on Tuesday night, when the unfortunate Jewess heaps curse upon curse on the head of her lover, Rudolph.

•

Miss Banks is very sweet in the more tender passages, with a slight tendency to pronounced endearment. Now this is, of course, a hugely pleasant thing for the recipient thereof, but the general audience being only an eye-witness to the same is apt to grow slightly restive under "agony" so unnecessarily prolonged.

•

The future of this gifted actress is full of promise. When certain crudities, which are incidental only to youth and inexperience have become softened, and when those power which she undoubtedly possesses are fully ripened, I venture to express the opinion that Miss Banks will occupy no uncertain position amongst theatrical stars of the first magnitude. In the meantime hard and sustained work lies before her.

•

At the Grand Opera House Miss Fanny Davenport is billed for the first three nights of next week.

•

The audience that witnessed Romany Rye at the Toronto Opera House last Monday evening kept their seats till the curtain began to fall at the end of the play. I do not know whether it was on account of the fascinating influence of the show, or whether the public has been awakened by the press comments to a knowledge of the exceeding boorishness of rising and wrestling with overcoats before the players have ceased speaking. At any rate it was a good-mannered audience. I have often wondered why some ingenious playwright has not so arranged a *denouement* which would spring the end of the play on his hearers before they were aware of it. This custom of rising, putting on coats, etc., is an insult to the actors and to the audience. Moreover it is a most insane custom—one of the many inexplicable, crazy things mankind is addicted to. It is the same impulse that drives men to try and cross a railway track in front of the lightning express—risking their lives to save a moment of time. If they would be so conservative of the latter on all occasions how much more work could be done. But to return to Romany Rye. The old play is now relegated a little to the back ground, but still is able to draw and please large audiences. It is well presented by H. R. Jacobs' company. The work of the principal characters is meritorious and the scenic effects excellent. No better melo-dramatic show has been seen here for some time.

•

Next week Hoodman Blind, written by the great actor, Wilson Barrett, and Henry A. Jones, will hold the boards at the Toronto.

STAGE CHAT.

Mr. Harry Brown, the funny Pasha in the Trip to Africa company, dropped into the sanctum of SATURDAY NIGHT for an hour's chat last week. Amongst the interesting stories of his past life—for the Pasha has traveled all round the world—told by him was one in which he and an aunt of his are the principals:

One of the endless ramifications of the Brown family touches the town of Corry, Pa., the result being, as far as Harry is concerned, a heavy output of uncles and aunts and cousins. Whenever the professional duties of the comedian led him to the neighborhood of Corry he always made it a point to visit his relatives and partake of the large-hearted hospitality which he was certain to receive at their hands.

There was in particular an old maiden aunt who in spite of her secret belief that all play actors are doomed to eternal torment, cherished a profound admiration and a warm affection for her handsome and clever nephew.

When, a month or so since, the Trip to Africa Company were rehearsing in New York, Harry one afternoon was astounded to run up against the aunt in question in Brooklyn. Her appearance was explained by a sudden desire on her part to see Gotham, incited thereunto by the allurements of an exceedingly cheap excursion train. With the remembrance of much past kindness strong upon him Harry took the old lady under his wing, and during the balance of the day did his utmost to make the hours memorable in the annals of Corry Brown household history.

Just before the couple parted the old lady evinced some curiosity as to the present pursuits and future prospects of her nephew.

"Oh, auntie," said the Pasha, in his peculiarly airy manner. "I'm going on a Trip to Africa with Duff."

"What?" said his aunt, an expression of gratified amazement stealing over her face.

Harry repeated the remark.

"My dear, dear boy," replied the old lady, tears of joy standing in her eyes. "I'm so glad that you have embraced so noble a pursuit with so excellent a man," and so saying she bade him a more than affectionate adieu.

Mr. Brown was somewhat mystified by her enthusiasm, especially as he had not been aware of the fact that she was personally acquainted with Mr. Duff, but the matter passed and was finally forgotten.

But judge of his surprise when, a week or so afterwards, he received from Corry a large box containing hose and handkerchiefs, collars and cuffs, shoelaces and pincushions, and a variety of small matters calculated to add to the comfort of a man taking a long journey. Besides all these there was a big bundle of tracts, hymn books and religious literature.

At the bottom of all was a note from his aunt, asking his acceptance of the trunk and wishing him all prosperity in his missionary enterprise.

The dear old soul had mistaken the Duff of comic opera for the Duff of missionary fame and the brilliant Trip to Africa for a bona fide tour of the dark continent!

Wit and Humor.

"Brown, what did you clear by that speculation?" "My pockets," said Brown.

"Oh, well, talk's cheap!" "Is it, though! Just wait till you have had a breach of promise suit."

Sunday-school teacher—What makes you feel uncomfortable when you have done wrong? Scholar—Pa's trunk strap.

A man never finds out how very little he knows until he tries to undress the baby some night when its mother is absent.

Stranger—You don't look very happy, friend. Met with some heavy loss? No, sir. I have just retired from business to enjoy life.

"I owe you $5, don't I?" "Yes." "Thanks. I merely wanted to know if you remembered it." Exit to meet a man around the corner.

The Baritone—Did you make a success in Milan? The Tenor—Stupendo! they let me sing the whole of the first act without one rotten egg.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas," cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

Minister (dining with the family)—This is a very nice dinner, isn't it, Bobby?

Bobby (enjoying it)—It ought to be; pa calculated that it would cost him over $10.

The question whether brides should be required to obey, as well as to love and cherish, in the marriage ceremony, is not worth discussion. They won't do it.

Young clergyman—The great hope of my life is to marry you one of these days! Miss Nellie—Certainly you shall, my dear Mr. Primrose, just as soon as Charley comes home.

A man who lectured in an adjoining town to his own went home and said that many persons failed to get into the hall. It subsequently transpired that they had the attempt to.

A Kensington man is said to be making a handsome living now by advertising for a wife and requiring all applicants to enclose stamp for reply. His letters have to be sent up in a wheelbarrow.

"It is such a funny thing," said an old lady of experience, "to see a doctor trying to look solemn when he is told there is a deal of illness about. The only thing that beats it is to hear a lawyer talk about the evil of people going to law."

Elsie—Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor and a lovely fellow, but he is awfully absent-minded. Ada—Indeed! Elsie—Only fancy. During the marriage ceremony, when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to hang out my tongue.

Brown—I hear old Jenkins is so badly bankrupt this time that after his affairs are wound up he won't have a cent. Jones—Awfully good fellow though. Pity he drank so. Brown—Just so. It didn't matter how hard he worked he always seemed to meet with some bar to his success.

The cock-a-doodle-do would be a much more popular bird if he could only be induced to feel that there is no real, vital necessity for his reporting his whereabouts between midnight and 3 a.m. We know that he is at home, in the bosom of his family. So are we, but we don't get up in the night to brag about it.

Bessie—And what have you been doing since you left college, dear? Jessie—I've begun a course of mental athletics. Bessie—How nice! What are they? Jessie—Jumping at conclusions, walking around a subject, running through novels and skipping everything but death, marriages and society news in SATURDAY NIGHT.

Episcopal duty in some parts of Australia has its humorous side. One prelate, on his first journey round, was dragged into deep mud by a restive horse. Rising ruefully, with his chaplain's help, and surveying the place, the bishop consoled himself with this reflection, "I have left a very deep impression in that part of the diocese, at any rate."

"I don't see how I can go," said Mrs. Mc. Style, "really, I have nothing to wear." "Nothing to wear!" exclaimed Mr. McS., "where is your cream satin?" "Why, John, how ridiculous you are! You know that it is worn threadbare!" "I don't see how that can be. You have not worn it above three times." "Very true; but then think of the times I had to try it on while it was being made."

D'Ace—I was playing poker at Jack Tenspot's rooms last night, and I saw his father do something that put me in mind of a blind mountain. D'Euce—What was it? D'Ace—'Twas my edge; so the old man bet and the son raised him. The old man passed. D'Euce—What has that to do with a blind woman? D'Ace—Why, he couldn't see his son's raise; neither can she. Dies of spontaneous combustion.

It is a far cry to Africa, and a long way to go, and maybe a startling statement to make, to say that the Zulu women have small, natural waists, round and firm and smooth, and as pretty as Grecian statues. They are guiltless of stays, and indeed, of much else, save a bead or two, as the song has it:—

"Except a shell—a bangle rare—
A feather here—a feather there—
The South Pacific negress wear
There native nothingness."

On Diverse Strings

The Spinning-Wheel.

A white pine floor and a low-ceiled room,
A wheel and a reel and a great brown loom,
The windows out and the world in blo m—
A pair of "swifts" in the corner where
The grandmother sat in her rush-wrought chair,
And pulled at the distaff's tangled hair.

And sang to herself as she spun the tow
While "the little wheel" ran as soft and low
As muffled brooks where the rushes grow,
And lie one way with the water's flow.

"The great wheel" rigged in its harness stands—
A three-legged thing with its spindle and bands—
And the slender spokes, like the willow wands
That spring so thick in the low, wet sands,
Turn dense at the touch of a woman's hands.

As the wheel whirls swift, how rank they grow!
But how sparse and thin when the wheel runs slow
Forward and backward, and to and fro.
There's a heap of rolls like clouds in cut,
And a bright-faced spring, barefoot girl—
She gives a touch and a careless whirl,

She holds a roll in her shapely hand
That the sun has kissed and the wind has fanned,
And its mate obeys the wheel's command.

There must be wings on her rosy heel;
And there must be bees in the spindled steel;
A thousand spokes in the dizzy wheel.

Have you forgotten the left-breast knock
When you bagged the bee in the hollyhock,
And the angry burr of an ancient clock

All ready to strike, came out of the mill,
Where covered with meal the rogue was still,
Till it made your thumb and finger thrill?

It is one, two, three, and the roll is caught;
'Tis a backward step and the thread is taut;
A hurry of wheel, and the roll is wrought.

'Tis one, two, three, and the yarn runs on,
And the spindle shapes like a white pine cone,
As even and still as something grown.

The barefoot maiden follows the thread,
Like somebody caught and tethered and led
Up to the buzz of the busy head.

With backward sweep and willowy bend
Monarch would borrow if maiden could lend,
She draws out the thread to the white wool's end.

She breaks her thread with an angry twang,
Just as if at her touch a harp-string rang
And keyed to the quaint old song she sang,

That came to a halt on her cherry lip
While she tied one knot that never could slip,
And thought of another, when her ship—

All laden with dreams in splendid guise—
Should sail right out of the azure skies
And a lover bring, with great brown eyes.

Ah, broad the day, but her work was done—
Two "runs" by reel. She had twisted and spun
Her two-score "anots" by set of sun.

With her one, two, three, the wheel beside,
And the three, two, one, of her backward glide,
So to and fre in calico pride

Till the bees went home and daytime died.

Her apron white as the white sea foam,
She gathered the wealth of her velvet gloom,
And sailed it in with a tall back comb.

She crushed the dews with her naked feet,
The track of the sun was a golden street,
The grass was cool and the air was sweet.

The girl gazed up at the mackerel sky,
And is I oked like a pattern lifted high,
But she never dreamed of angels nigh,

And she spoke right out: "Do just see there!
What a blue and white for the clouded pair
I'm going to knit for my Sunday wear!"

The wheel is dead and the bees are gone,
And the girl is dressed in a silver lawn,
And her feet are shod with golden dawn.

From a wind-strung tree that waves before,
A shadow is dodging in at the door—
Flickering ghost on the white pine floor—

And the cat, unleashed in shadow's law,
Just touched its edge with a velvet paw
To hold it still with an ivory claw.

But its spectral cloak is blown about,
And a moment more and the ghost is out,
And leaves us all in shadowy doubt

If ever it fell on floor at all,
Or if ever it swung along the wall,
Or whether a shroud or a phantom shawl.

Oh, brow that the old-time morning kissed!
Good-night, my girl of the double and twist!
Oh, barefoot vision! Vanishing mist!

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Three Poems of Babyhood.

THE SISTER.

A baby came to our house last night;
We came in a funny way;
He was brought to the door by angels' hands—
At least, so my aunties say—
And left in a little basket
All lined and trimmed with lace,
With a powder puff and powder
And a cloth to shield his face.

I had never seen the basket
Or the powder puff before;
But it does seem strange that angels,
If they leave a child at the door,
Should make mamma work awful late,
Getting things ready—at any rate,
If I were an angel and thought it best
To leave a child, I'd leave it dressed.

THE FATHER.

Well, he's come all right enough—that is sure
The nurse gave me marching orders—"You're in the way," she said; and I got right out,
Not caring to be put to roast
By a cross-eyed woman—but, I say—
(Oh, you're a bachelor—well, some day
You won't be—at least it looks that way).
There will come to you, as there has to me,
Something red-faced and bald and wee,
Toothless, helpless, noisy, thin—
But some way or other it will win
A hold on your heart—past place or pelf,
And cast down the idol you've raised—Yourself.

THE MOTHER.

Oh, little eyes just opened,
What happiness you bring!
Who could believe so great a joy
In such a little thing?
Who can believe the world holds aught
But happiness for thee?
Nestle close, nestle close, my little one, to me.

The angels led you hither and left you here to-day.
And they shall lead you onward
Through all the happy way.
Take my hand, too, my sweet one,
And lead me up with thee.
Nestle close, nestle close, my darling one, to me.

MURPHY'S FAREWELL.

I'm off to outa Yurrup to-morrer,
To clear up the Whitechapel Horrer,
Far not wan ar 'em all,
From The Yard to Whitehall,
Has the time-honored clue yet—begorra!

"Is Marriage a Failure?" writes a correspondent who quotes most copiously from Mona Caird. Thanks, very much, but I have to respectfully decline the nomination. Wedlock is a disease which depends entirely on the medicine you take. In some parts of the world the treatment is more heroic than in others. Take Texas as a case in point. Down there an owl, mistaking a sleeping Texan's head for a chicken, fastens its claws in his scalp. "Wal, what's er matter now, old woman?" says the assaulted one, as he turns over on the other side, and waxes into slumber again.

* *

Some of the modern prophets may veil their diminished heads, for their glory is departing, and another star has risen in the East. This is none other than the Rev. Mr. Baxter of London, England. The Rev. B— is not the author of the Saints' Rest, nor yet Alderman John of that ilk, but a dissenting minister who stoutly avers that Boulanger is a subject of biblical prophecy. According to the Rev. Baxter the ball is to open in 1889 with a tremendous conflict in which the cry of the *boulevardes* in 1870, "*A bas les Prusses*," will be realized, and the Fatherland completely overthrown.

* *

From thence up to 1901 we are promised a dainty programme of war, famine and pestilence, and are afforded the appetizing information that the letters E. Boulanger, written in Greek characters (each of which represents a certain number), will, when added together, reach the fatal number 666, which everyone knows, of course, is the Number of the Beast. Oh, Piazzi Smyth! Oh, Dr. Wild!! Oh, Moses!!!

It is seldom that any modern club has so well deserved its name as the Junior Travelers'. A glance at the appended list of addresses will be quite sufficient to convince the most sceptical of this: "The Junior Travelers' Club—List of addresses. July, 1886, 7 Westminster Chambers; October, 1886, 96 and 97 Piccadilly; May, 1887, the Scottish Club, as visitors; July, 1887, the Salisbury Club, as visitors; September, 1887, the American Club, as visitors; November, 1887, 11 Regent street, Pall Mall; May, 1888, club furniture seized and sold; September, 1888, 8 St. James' square. Motto, 'We are indeed travelers.'"

* *

These who have enjoyed the wholesome humor of Burdette, the funny man of the *Burlington Hawkeye*, will hardly experience much surprise in hearing that he has forsaken the sanctum for the pulpit. If the severance of the old ties is quite complete, I am sorry for it. American journalism can ill afford the loss of that purity of sentiment, and the utter absence of that bane of American humor—irreverence, which is such a marked characteristic of the writings of Robert Burdette.

* *

Like Bailey, the Danbury Newsman, of whom we used to hear so much, Burdette has always been somewhat spiritually inclined. His self sacrifice to the comfort of his invalid wife, whether it arose from this religious inclination or, as I suspect, from his natural kindliness of heart, has always impressed me as a beautiful element in his character. It is no small tribute to the memory of a writer to be able to say there was never a thought that emanated from the purity of his mind, nor a line traced by his gifted pen in the days when life and health and vigor were nigh that he would wish unsaid and unwritten in the hour of dissolution. This, of a surety, will one day, be the tribute paid by men to the memory of Robert Burdette.

* *

The chronic impecuniosity of the Heir Apparent is receiving its annual raking over at the hands, or rather the pens, of the lower Radical press of London. Tum-tum—for that is how the future Hope of Britain is irreverently styled, on account of his increasing obesity—has an income of $750,000, and this and his chronic hard-uppishness are commented upon in no uncertain tone by the Trumpet Blasts of Freedom which emanate from the communistic press of London.

* *

Speaking of the Trumpet Blasts of Freedom reminds me that I have to enter a fervid protest against the vigorous manner in which Professor Clarke persists in wooing his pocket-handkerchief. As a pulpit man, Professor Clarke has probably more admirers than any other member of the Anglican Church in Ontario. His effectiveness, however, is seriously marred by those terrific woodland echoes with which he, from time to time, electrifies his audience.

* *

A case in point occurred at a Harvest Home Thanksgiving service the other night. The Professor's sermon was, as usual, a rattling good one, with no confounded nonsense in it, but this was how the climax was reached. "Brethren! (a blast) but one thing more, and it is this (blast! blast!!) Ah! yes, my brethren, what can be more infinitely beautiful than this (blast! blast!! blast!!!)"

* *

Local topics are always nearest to the popular heart. In the course of a pleasant chat last Saturday morning with Mr. Harry Brown, the clever comedian who played the part of The Pasha in A Trip to Africa, I alluded to the hearty welcome always accorded to a local topical song. In the argument which followed, Mr. Brown asked me to write one verse on a local subject for his topical song, But It's only a Matter of Taste—if only to support my opinions. I did so, choosing Buckley's first sentence as the topic. The subject was a miserable one, I grant you, but Mr. Brown brought down the house with it last Saturday night.

ST. GEORGE.

Eternal Punishment

And other topics as touched upon by Rev. Dr. Wild in an interview with Don.

In the cosy parlor of Bond street Church I asked the bright-eyed and pleasant-faced pastor if he could give me some incidents or illustrations which would exemplify the class of people he meets who are seeking to be religious, and what the chief difficulties are in their way, and the kind of questions they ask.

Dr. Wild—"I labor on a special line. I made up my mind to do so twenty-five years ago. I found a class of young men who, by reading, naturally became critical and doubtful of the scriptures and the miracles, and were constantly exalting science, apparently to the disadvantage of the Bible. I laid myself out to meet this class of people, feeling persuaded that in every city there would be a complement sufficient to sustain me and give me a field of labor. When I came to look around I found no pulpit made a specialty on that point; it was nothing but a constant ding, ding, on theological subjects. In order to be successful with my churches, I had to meet the members in the mornings on what you may call purely theological topics, and in the evening leave myself free to take up any popular subjects. Then I began the Socratic method of inviting questions of difficulty, and if it were possible I would answer them in the sermon. Sometimes a question would come that would need a sermon; at other times I could answer them off handedly, but those questions so put have, I suppose, furnished me with nine-tenths of my discourses. I have found, by appealing to this larger, and, what you may call more intelligent, though doubtful, public, I always had a crowded house in the evening, no matter where I was. It was the same in the United States as it is here. Out of the evening congregation I get my morning congregation; the church gradually fills up, first with those attracted to the evening service, then with pew-holders, then church members."

"What is the qualification demanded for membership in your church?"

"The qualification of a member of this church is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and to strive heartily to serve Him through humanity."

"That is, to endeavor to do His work here?"

Dr. Wild—"Yes. We have no special creed excepting that which is in our manual. But in order that we may be made secure when a name is propounded to me, I bring it before the first prayer meeting that I may attend. I say, So-and-So, living at So-and-So, asks to become a member of this church. Will you kindly appoint two persons as a committee to visit that person. If it is a lady we send two ladies; if it is a man and wife we send a man and wife; if it is a single man we send two men, people whom we can trust, to make enquiries as to who the person is, whether married or single, what he or she does for a living, and then the religious experience. At our monthly meeting when I come to that name I say, 'What is the report of the committee regarding this person?' In the meantime I have frequently charged them to make an honest report and to let me know before the night of the meeting if they have any unfavorable report, so that their names may not be rejected, as we never reject any one in public. The information is conveyed quietly to the deacon's board, which holds secret sessions, so that no stigma is cast upon anyone. Sometimes I will go to see such persons myself and find that it is perhaps some peculiar theological idea that they have, and it often results in their coming in after they explain. Our creed being so liberal we only ask that if one entertains any peculiar idea that it be not propagated in the church or that the members make no specialty of it."

"Can you give me a few examples of what you consider the prevailing trouble or stumbling-block, in a religious sense, preventing the average person from allying himself with a church?"

"There seems to me to be two points of difficulty, the first is a real want of belief in the Bible as an inspired, authentic book. I lay great stress on that. I feel persuaded if I can thoroughly convince a people that the Bible is really God's word that it will lead them to a conformity to and practice of its truth. I suppose one-third of my discourses in the evenings are in that direction and I find the result very profitable. Young men, talented young men, and middle-aged men come into the church through being convinced that it is the word of God. They know the line of duty but they have never felt it to be obligatory. The second reason which I find is the delinquencies and imperfections of the professing Christians. I find a great many men, and women, too, I talk with hold back something in reserve. When you finally come at them it is that they have been deceived at some time by some Christian, who started them on a critical observation comparing the practical life of the Christian generally with an ideal which they have in their own mind, and, of course, very few come up to it."

"I suppose you have read something about Canon Farrar's recent utterances. How do they strike you?"

"On eternal punishment I never preach, holding this idea in my own mind, that eternal duration implies changes under infinite government that I cannot comprehend, and hence I cannot decide the finality of anything except that which is good which always prevails. What the finality of other things will be I am not able to say, therefore I don't preach it."

"What is the impulse which ordinarily causes men and woman to seek church membership. Is it fear, love of God or some social reason?"

"All three—any minister will find all three. I often find in my church here it is the social reason, and more are rejected in our way of rejecting, on that ground of application, than any other. I want to mention here a simple rule which I have, and in which my church co-operates with me—that we keep our own poor—never allow them to go anywhere else for help—and that naturally brings us applications from unworthy motives. You would be surprised to know how cunning they are. A few years ago my deacons' board could easily be imposed upon through appeals to their sympathy till they saw their error. Now, without any intention of rejecting any honest applicant, no matter how poor he is, we have to watch how he comes in. We could double our membership if we had been willing to take all that presented themselves in that way."

"I meant wider social reasons than that."

Dr. Wild—"I think there are a great many to whom social influence and respectability are leading motives, but I am also under the impression if they come under an honest, intelligent ministry they will be led to see higher truth and to accept it."

"Could you give me an idea of the beginning, advancement and visible climax of spiritual life in the ordinary man or woman who comes into your church?"

"I try to show them that they are divinely created, that they are divinely obligated, that they are divinely destined and that they are agents, but in a limited circle, which circle can vitiate their happiness in this life and by analogy in the next. Then, as I have said before, I turn them to God's word and I find they become interested, serious, about their spiritual relation. I often quote that passage where the Saviour says, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' I just put it in this order: First, show them the truth—that is, the way to walk in; then comes the life. I illustrate it quite frequently in this way. The magnetic doctor explains to his patient the cause of his trouble and what he should do. That is necessary first because he cannot follow his instructions until he understands the truth. He tells him to rub his arm or to take certain forms of exercise, and though the man is weak, in this way new life comes to the withered limb. The Truth, the Way and the Life. It is the same way with truth. Religion is just on the same basis as the other sciences; present the truth and then they will see the way to walk in it, and new life comes to the soul and contentment and peace."

"And is contentment and peace the new life?"

"Yes, that is the new life, and it never fails to come. If they accept the truth and walk in it, 'the happy life' is sure to come."

"And the change of heart comes in the same way? You hold it to be more the intelligent acceptance of truth than any miraculous interposition?" I asked.

"No miraculous interposition about it. There may be sudden conclusions and decisions, but words and thoughts have been exercised long before that. I think people quickly make decisions involving the changing of the whole life and that is where the deception is. I have in my mind just now an agnostic who a few years ago began to ask me questions to be answered from the pulpit. He had never been accustomed to go to church, but in order to hear the answers, he would come on Sunday evenings. My first answer did not suit him. He asked again and again until he became interested and became a believer. He came to ask me with regard to this change of heart, and I said, 'Whenever you accept the truth to the fulness in which it is revealed to you and conform to it you will be a happy man.' One Sunday night he jumped up in prayer-meeting all trembling and, alarming the rest, exclaimed, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I went to him. 'Do what I told you,' I said. He sat for a few moments and said, 'I'll be a willing servant of all known truth.' He is now one of my happiest men and a most useful member. Now a person might say he was converted just there, suddenly, but he only turned the line there—the equator I call it—he went from the north to the south; he had been on the border, had walked up to it, but yet halted when he came to it; he went over the line just then. I think a great many go so in the same way."

"Don't you think a good deal of injury is done the cause of religion by a technical and severe line of preaching which frightens people away?"

"Yes; the ideal of God is basic for all human conduct and governs to a very large extent man's conduct. The first idea man seems to have had of God was that he was non-interested in us—that we have got to take care of ourselves, hence the vendetta law. The next idea of God which history presents to me is that he is a God of justice, hence the Mosaic law; people had to have a trial and punishment if they deserved it. Then there seems to have come in the Middle Ages the idea from the church that God was very good to the good but very severe on the bad. That originated the Inquisition and all that kind of torture by the church, they literally supposing they were carrying out the will of God, but it was only their idea of God. A better idea is dawning through Canon Farrar and others, and that is that we see God as a Father who cannot complacently condone wrong but He will not punish unjustly. The Fatherhood of God is now the idea that is winning souls to Christ and it will be the most effectual."

"Why don't the orthodox preachers preach that?"

Dr. Wild—"I guess they do."

"But in visiting the churches last winter I found the idea still prevalent that hell was one of the chief parts of religion and that if the old-fashioned brimstone were taken away the whole system would be in danger of falling to pieces."

Dr. Wild—"I think the idea of the Fatherhood of God is growing and it will have the effect of enlarging the brotherhood of man, and teaching truer conceptions of what a man is."

"Could you give me a couple more illustrations of men whose lives you have seen change?"

Dr. Wild—"I have a lady in this church who had been a very good Christian in practice and conformity in early years and became alienated through the default of a minister whom she esteemed very highly. I preached a sermon on individual duty one Sunday morning in which I showed that every man and woman was responsible for his or her own conduct—that the fault of one person could not exonerate one from the performance of duty. She got so wrought up under it that she began to weep, and partly annoyed the audience around her, for she was the last one you would expect to receive an impression. She had been only a critical hearer up to that morning. As soon as I closed she came up and said: 'You have preached that sermon to me. Did you inquire of my husband of my condition?' 'No,' I said. 'I know you by sight, but I really don't know whether you are married or single; so I have not inquired.' 'Oh,' she said, 'dear sir, I see my error. I have been throwing away my opportunities, and it is a wonder I have not lost my soul through the fault of another, which should not have so affected me.' She is now a member of this church, and a remarkably fine, energetic lady."

"I know you are very anti-Romish, but do people often send for you on their death bed, as if you had some sort of power to absolve them?"

"Yes, I find a good deal of that. I have a very large circle of friends, not particularly connected with my church, and they persuade people quite often to send for me. There was a case of it to-day. A lady, a member of my church, in visiting an elderly gentleman who has had no church connection, said 'Wouldn't you like to see a minister?' 'I would,' he said. 'Have you not been accustomed to go to church?' 'Yes,' he said, 'but there is only one minister I would like to see and that is Dr. Wild; I have only been a few times in the evenings to hear him.' She said, 'I'll call and ask him to go.' I went to see him this afternoon. I found he had been a great reader and a little sceptical, but our conversation was very pleasant, and I think in another visit or so he will be all right."

"Don't you find, too, a sort of despairing hope of absolution in dying people sometimes?"

"Whenever I go to such a case I go cheerfully, confidently in the hope of the provisions of the gospel. I talk to them on the love side of God, just as a parent would to a very erring child whom he thought was dying, and when I speak to them in these hopeful terms I soon find their fears removed. In fact, I have had them on the first visit, not once, but many times, rejoice so that it would actually change their countenance and make them better for days. I always find it hopeful and beneficial to point out that God is a Parent and Father; that they are going to Him, and that all they can do is to ask Him to forgive them, with the resolution that if He should spare their lives they will devote themselves to Him."

"In cases where their lives have been spared do you find it has effected a change?"

"Dr. Wild—"It has been so quite frequently, I have had only one instance in this church where I thought a man did not act up to his vows by a long way, but the most of them have. I had a remarkable case yesterday, a person whose very disease brought a nervous depression, but to whom religion had been the gnawing worm, with the thought that God would not accept her. I spent half an hour with her and her mother. She began to brighten up and get clearer ideas, and she sat up in bed and prayed. I asked her if she felt like leading us in prayer, and she did, and she fairly clapped her hands in her weak way and looked really a different person. She had just for the first time grasped the idea of the love of Christ as manifested in the Fatherhood of God."

Looking at the Doctor's bright, hopeful and kindly face as he talked, I was not surprised that he was a welcome visitor at the bedside of the sick.

DON.

'Varsity Chat.

While Prof. Ashley was lecturing the other day he was reminded by the usual slight stamping that his speed was too great; his words could not be copied. He stopped to observe that the custom was a new one to him; it was not an Oxford custom he was sure, and he did not think it was a Cambridge custom. A humble private ventured the suggestion that the custom had an admitted right here, to which the professor gave a qualified endorsation.

*

Concerning the custom it is enough to say that its decidedly useful character has caused it to continue even until now without authoritative opposition. But this practice, so dear to Englishmen, of reminding us how they do things at home has more or less of a tendency to make Canadians tired.

*

By virtue of their venerable age and glorious achievements, not to mention their present power, Oxford and Cambridge demand of us something more than mere respect. This, however, is the University of Toronto, Canada, and as far as such customs as the one referred to are concerned we care no more for Oxford and Cambridge than they for us. Precedent is no deity in this country, nor do we live, move and have our being sustained only by English recollections.

*

Meantime the professor continues to receive our heartiest goodwill.

*

The College Y. M. C. A. is to be congratulated upon having, by a change in arrangements secured for another year the services of Mr. A. H. Young, B. A., as general secretary.

*

A piano has been procured by the boys in Residence; whence I know not. Frequently from the reading-room one may hear Gadsby's sweet voice trembling across the quadrangle.

*

Eleven of the 'Varsity fifteen which played Upper Canada College recently were old Upper Canada boys. So much do we owe them. I am no traitor, but I confess I would not have been sorry to see the boys win.

*

Mr. F. H. Suffel, B.A., '83, has been appointed lecturer in Greek in the University of Southern California, Los Angeles.

NEMO.

Trinity Talk.

T. T. Norgate, prizeman in all of the divinity subjects at the June examination, sailed this week for England where he intends to make an extended stay for the benefit of his health. Overwork has proved too much for his constitution and he will not resume college work for a year.

*

One of the last arrivals in Residence was J. Grayson Smith ('89), who returned on Monday from a three months' tour in England and on the Continent.

*

Dr. D. O. R. Jones ('85) paid a visit to his Trinity friends last week. After an absence of three years in London, where he has been completing his medical course, it is pleasant to see the familiar countenance of Davy once more.

*

By this time the men are settled in residence, and the rooms which a few weeks ago heard only the discussions and devotions of the clergy who were attending the retreat, now resound with the notes of the violin and banjo, and wine, laughter and song occupy the leisure hours of the Trinity students.

*

When I said wine I meant the undergrad's *vin ordinaire*, the good old bottled ale, which is supplied by the steward's buttery. We have all heard of the nut-brown ale of Oxford and the rivalry that exists among the different colleges as to which should produce the best brand. I believe Trinity is the only Canadian college which keeps up this custom. That there is no harm done the annals of the college can prove, and experience shows that the supply of the lighter beverage keeps the students from indulging in stronger liquids outside.

*

At a college meeting on Wednesday the staff of the Trinity University *Review* was appointed for the coming year. The luminaries who will shine on the *Review's* pages are Messrs. E. C. Cayley, B.A., S. P. Houston, H. P. Lowe, E. V. Stevenson and J. G. Carter Troop.

*

The St. Simon and St. Jude dinner, so dear to the undergraduate heart, is no more. In its place is the more imposing Convocation dinner which takes place on the 30th. Although the students will take a prominent part in this event, I must confess to feeling some regret for those jolly dinners that used to mark the anniversary of the twin saints. There was a cosiness and conviviality about those gatherings that larger affairs cannot possibly have. They were confined to the younger graduates, the undergraduates and their personal friends. There was no long toast list, no lengthy speeches, the usual concomitants of a large banquet, but everything was mellow with mirth and sociability. However, the Convocation dinner, which will be a reunion of all Trinity's friends, though more elaborate, is, I hear, going to be a grand success.

ERYX.

He Knew Himself.

One of the patrol force arrested a citizen living away out Gerrard avenue the other day, and as they were ready to leave the house he said: "I ought to put the bracelets on, I suppose, but if you will promise not to give me any trouble I won't expose you as a prisoner."

"I'll promise," replied the man. They had only started, however, when he added:

"Say! you'd better put 'em on."

"But you promised."

"Yes, I know, but I am probably the biggest liar in Detroit, and you can't trust me, I'm already wondering if I could outrun you."

"Put 'em on," said the wife, who stood by with a smile. "Jim is a good fellow and a good husband, but he hasn't told the truth in twenty-five years."

"You see," continued Jim, as the handcuffs were snapped on, "I know myself and I don't want to take any unfair advantage. Now come on and I'll behave myself."

But he proved himself a liar by running off with the handcuffs.

Odds and Ends.

A long felt want—A tall hat.

"I'm considerable worsted," as the stocking said.

It is not generally known that the wheels of a vehicle are tired as the horse.

"h, you have come first at last; you were always behind before," was the queer greeting a schoolmaster gave to the first boy at school.

It is said to be dangerous to attend church when there is a "great gun" in the pulpit, a "minor canon" in the reading desk, when the bishop "charges the clergy" and when the choir "murder an anthem."

A man living in a western town says his was the only house intact after a recent cyclone, and attributes his good luck to the fact that it had a heavy mortgage.

She Was Sorry.

Emma (to her intended)—Just think, Charlie, Judge Soandso proposed to me yesterday.

Charlie—What did you say to him?

I told him that I was very sorry, but that I was already engaged.

He Was Conscientious.

Editor—You say you wish this poem to appear in my paper anonymously?

Would be contributor—Yes; I don't want any name to it.

Then I can't publish it.

Why not?

Because I am conscientious about this matter. I don't want an unjust suspicion to fall upon some innocent person.

What Ailed Hannah.

Fat Widow—Doctor, I want you to answer my question candidly.

Doctor—Certainly, my dear madame.

Well, am I in love, or have I only got fatty degeneration of the heart?

No Doubt of It.

"Is that a man or a woman out there in the water?" asked Merritt.

A man, of course," replied Cobwigger.

"How do you know?"

"Why, don't you see the head is bald?"

Presence of Mind.

Jones had been spending the evening with a friend at the house of one of the latter's lady acquaintances.

"What do you think of our hostess?" asked his friend as they were coming away.

"I had never seen her before," replied Jones, who never allowed himself to be taken at a disadvantage; "but she must have changed greatly."

Cruelty to Father.

One of Jones' peculiarities is never to admit that he is feeling well. No matter what species of suffering you are undergoing, she form his sympathy invariably takes is this:

The other day he came home sick—too sick to go to the table to supper. So it was sent up to his room by Mrs. Jones, who had prepared it herself. Among other delicacies were six new laid eggs, boiled to suit him. One of the children stayed with him and watched the egg-eating with interest. As Jones took up the sixth and last egg, the little fellow reached out his hand.

"Let me have it, papa."

Jones glared at the child, then he said huskily:

"Take it, eat it, unnatural child, and let your poor sick father starve!"

Tommy ate the egg.

SECOND OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

GUELDA.

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CHAPTER I.

Oaks—oaks! Only a forest of oaks in their freshest spring foliage to be seen for miles, while between the trees long grassy rides end hazily in soft blue vistas; here an open glade where the emerald bracken-fronds are still uncurling, there a deep woodland valley which a sapphire shower seems to have sprinkled, because it is scattered thickly with wild hyacinths that grow taller and thicker yet in the shade of the woods behind.

Between two English rivers lies this sylvan scene. One river is the broad Severn, rolling its silver flood to meet the salt tide from upchannel, while low verdant meadows spread out on either bank as it glides past old Gloucester town. The latter, with its beautiful Norman cathedral and quaint streets, is full of old-world memories. Close by stands the New Inn, with its wooden galleries, a hostel first built to lodge pilgrims flocking to worship at martyred King Edward's shrine; and yonder, close to the hallowed precincts of his own minster, brave Bishop Hooper was tied to an elm tree and burnt with green fagots in the name of religion.

The other and smaller stream, bounding the forest of oaks on the western side, is the winding Wye, that most beautiful boundary river of Wales, flowing gally Severn-wards between precipitous gorges, while the high cliffs, rising (like ivy-covered ramparts of fortresses) on either side, are crowned with thick woods in tints of every shade of verdure, from that of the light feathery ash to that of the stout oaks and beech and, lowest and sturdiest of all, the almost black-green lines of ancient yews, some nigh a thousand years old, and marking in their growth, say the miners, the vein of iron hid in the soil beneath.

For this is the royal Forest of Dean, covering the high and hilly ground between these two rivers, a noble forest existing in the days of the Confessor—and who knows how long before!—prized by the stern Conqueror who hunted here the red-deer he loved; while its oaks have been the pride of royal foresters from the days of the Virgin Queen to those of our present Empress-Mother, carefully kept to build the floating walls of our island, the great men-of-war whose crews too ever had real hearts of oak.

The long sweet May afternoon was growing late as a young girl, holding a little lad by the hand, wandered down one of the forest roads leading into a pleasant valley wherein the evening sunlight cast a golden haze.

She was tall of stature and wonderfully erect and graceful in figure, with an elastic step and good carriage rarely to be seen in one so poorly dressed—for her black gown was coarse, faded to a rusty brown, much mended and darned; but the small head the girl carried proudly, set on a slender neck, was verily a golden dowry.

Her face was exquisitely fair, with a skin as soft and milky-white as the May-flower, just deepening to a wild-rose tint on her cheeks. Her delicately marked eyebrows were drawn with such a dark but peculiarly slight curve, just enough to keep them from absolute straightness, that the greatest painter might in vain have sought to render that perfect limning. Below these brows eyes of such a glorious rich brown looked out in liquid light at the glad spring world around that the color of this fair wood-nymph's hair was a strange contrast.

For, instead of having locks of any shade of brown, from darkest hue to hazel, chestnut, or Titianesque auburn, as might have been expected, this maiden was crowned with gold; her tresses were yellow, like ripe corn. It was wonderful hair, because so unusual in tint. It was neither lint-white nor flaxen, nor even so faintly tinged with red; but it was of that pure shining gold one may see on the breast of a golden Chinese pheasant, and was indeed not unlike the plumage of a bird in its glossiness and thickness and a certain changeableness of hue in different lights, as the iris deepens and brightens from gray to burnished blue on the wood-dove's neck.

An English girl certainly, despite her glowing brown orbs—fair as one of those young Anglian angels blessed by the good Pope in days of old.

But the little lad who held her hand closely and often gazed up into his elder sister's face was olive complexioned and dark of hair and eye as any child of the sunny South. And, while the tall maiden looked as though she could have hunted in Diana's train all day through the woods with untiring fleetness, the boy was frail and puny, with a face pinched and pale and unnaturally old in expression for his tender years.

Presently the girl stopped short.

"It is growing late, dear; we will not go any farther down there," she said, persuasively, in a rich full voice. "See, Bino—we have such a quantity of flowers already!"

A large and heavy basket indeed, almost overladen with fragrant wild hyacinths, hung on her arm. Her old battered straw hat, round and untrimmed as those of the peasant-women of the forest, had fallen down on her shoulders, being held by a faded blue ribbon round her neck.

"No, no, Guelda; you promised me a long walk for a treat on my birthday—and you always may keep your word!" pleaded the child, reluctant to turn back from a delightful ramble.

"We must be going home soon indeed," rejoined the sister caressingly, with a slightly anxious air. "Come, Bino—I have brought you miles farther into the forest than I have ever been myself—and we may lose our way going home.

"We can meet Eli Rastrick and his cart at the cross-roads. Only just a little farther! I want to get to that great bank of blue-bells, nearly a mile of them, that we saw across the valley!" pleaded the little fellow, tightening the grasp of his sister's hand so lovingly that it was not in her heart to refuse him; and yet she knew he would then want to gather more and more of the fragile, lovely flowers, and her arms ached with the load of those she already carried, besides the remains of their mid-day meal, which she must carefully take back to eke out a scanty supper.

"Come, then!" she said, suppressing a little sigh as she granted the boy his wish.

The grassy glade wherein they stood was all nibbled close as any lawn by the troops of branded sheep which wandered, unwatched and unchecked by human or dog, through portions of the forest. Round the edge of this glade trees had been felled, leaving stumps about which young shoots had grown very thickly.

But these were now browsed likewise by the straying sheep into symmetrical rounded bushes, giving here, as often elsewhere in the forest, an odd shrubbery-like effect to the borders of the roads.

Two of these large leafy clumps grew close to the spot where Guelda and her brother had halted. As the girl and little boy moved past them, they suddenly perceived two men lying on the grass, stretched full-length and apparently asleep.

The sight of human beings was so rare on that lonely road, where one might walk for miles without seeing any soul save a stray miner, or perhaps a carrier bound for one of the forest villages, that the child started nervously and pressed closer to his sister. But the next instant, as his large black eyes stared with curiosity full at the strangers, he announced, in a loud and audible whisper:

"Don't be frightened; they are only tourists!"

Guelda herself had given a shy swift glance at the strangers. She saw two young and handsome men gazing with some amusement and surprised admiration—though that she was too much of a novice to recognize as yet—at the young girl who passed by quickly with head held high and a fearless but grave air. For the free foresters from time immemorial had been a lawless set, and the miners' villages, scattered here and there on wide open tracts of trees, like squatters' dwellings in some new country, had been too often the scene of quarrels, riotous sports, and evil doings. She had never yet been insulted on their own side of the forest; but here she and her little brother were unknown.

With a thankful tremor in her voice Guelda, when out of earshot, said—"I think, Bertrand, they were gentlemen."

Both soon reached the blue-bell bank, where the valley dipped into shadow. What a sight was there! For some hundred yards stretched a gorgeous bank of delicately-tip-poised sapphire flower-bells. A million million chimes might have rung there o' nights, when spring zephyrs blew, to listening fairy-like ears. And what a glorious celestial glade of motley—darkly, beautifully blue, shading to violet under the tree-depths! The contrast of that refreshing tint, as of heaven's divinest depths, wi h the new green earth around gave a sense of rare enjoyment.

Soon both the little fellow and his tall sister were busy gathering armfuls of hyacinths, piling them ever higher in the great basket. Guelda was carefully busy, yet somehow she was aware of a lurking thought all the while that she should be glad to be at home that night, when her small brother would be in bed and asleep and she herself free. Then she might be able to sit still a little while and recall that stranger's face. Her hasty, passing glimpse had taken in two men's faces, but memory now recalled only the one.

"He is like the picture of St. Michael in my little book of devotions—such a noble, beautiful face!" thought the girl. The picture in question was but a poor woodcut in a little Italian book that had belonged to her dead mother.

After Guelda and little Bertrand had gone by, one of the two reclining foresters, a pleasant-looking young men enough, gave a low whistle, then exclaimed:

"What a girl, Ronald! Is not that the prettiest face you ever saw in your life? What poaching free forester, or what miner stained like a red Indian with iron grime, can own that stately young beauty for his daughter?"

"None," replied the other, whom Guelda in her heart had designated as St. Michael. "She is a dream," he added dreamily himself, while his lips formed a lazy smile, as he lay back once more on the grass with one arm thrown under his handsome head. "I feel as if we were in the Forest of Arden, and seeing visions of fair Rosalind masquerading in the greenwood."

"Tut, man—she is flesh and blood enough! But who can she be?" impatiently retorted his more practical companion. "Did you see her dress? A darn, the whole of it! And her clodhopper boots—though, if her feet are like her hands, I'll swear they are as small as those of Lady Ermyntrude herself!"

"Enough, dear old fellow! I have settled irrevocably in my own mind she is not of common clay. Whether she is a princess in disguise or an heiress who has been changed in the cradle by a wicked nurse, or whatever strange history hers may be, I cannot say as yet; but I trust to find out, for she is of no vulgar birth."

"How, may one inquire?"

"By following them presently, and asking our way, which we must have lost, besides a few questions concerning the forest. Curiosity is allowable in 'only tourists.'"

"And yet you are lying there as composedly as if you meant to stay for ever, or as if she would stay for us!"

"Calm yourself, my dear Islay. She is staying down there, gathering wild hyacinths—they said so. When I have finished this very good cigar of yours, they will not be so alarmed by our appearance as she might be if we were to start off in immediate pursuit.

"Most subtle diplomatist! But you will not have long to make hay while the sun shines. I desired the groom to meet us with the dog-cart at the cross-roads. Are you grateful now that your laziness was tempted for once into walking a few miles to admire the beauties of the forest? You have seen one more than you expected," said the less handsome of the two friends, in a cheery voice, but with a meaningly quizzical smile, the other being famous indeed for the sudden conquests he made, often unwittingly, still more often carelessly, of the hearts of fair dames.

Roland smiled rather scornfully beneath his fair mustache.

"One would think, to hear you, that I am the principal person interested. As if to a young woman of my wisdom it would matter a straw that I adored her while there is a chance of my cousin Islay giving her an approving glance!"

"You cut me out always, dear old chap, in everything that comes by nature," said his cousin, with an affectionate side-look. "In gifts, good looks, luck—in everything that is not to be had by mere money or rank. Hallo!"

Even as the exclamation was uttered, a horse and rider, having trotted up gently on the road-side turf, passed the bushes. Seeing the recumbent figures lying there so unexpectedly, the animal, a thoroughbred chestnut, started violently and shied. The rider, a stern-looking old man who was thin and snowy-haired, but wonderfully erect of carriage, angrily urged to make the startled horse pass on, and punished it with his whip. The high-spirited thoroughbred instantly rebelled, and a struggle took place.

In a few seconds the chestnut became utterly unmanageable, and dashed at full speed down the road in the direction taken by Guelda and her little brother.

Both the wayfarers, who had been lying on the grass so carelessly, had already started to their feet, and now hastened after horse and rider to witness the upshot, and render help if necessary. But they only saw them disappearing round a wooded corner, where the furious horse had swerved madly among the oak-trees. They did not see that presently, after shying afresh, the animal unseated its rider, and that, the old man was dragged by one foot that had caught in the stirrup, while his white head trailed along the uneven ground.

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile Guelda and her little brother heard the sound and galloping hoofs.

As she sprang up startled from among the blue-bells, the girl soon saw a terrible sight. She heard the old man falling from his saddle and the terrified horse rushing towards her, while at every bound it seemed as if the late rider's brains must be dashed out.

A thrill ran through Guelda from head to foot, but it was that of quick high courage, an inheritance perhaps from dead forefathers, not the tremulous painful feeling of craven fear. In a second her nerves seemed strained to highest tension, her eyes lighted with a brave steadfast glow, her heart beat fast.

"Run, Bino!" she cried, pointing towards a thick clump of trees; and the child ran like a scared rabbit. But as she spoke she herself started forward, and, meeting the hot-breathing animal, which just then slightly slackened his speed, barely escaped being trampled under his hoofs, but caught the bridle close by the creature's head.

The chestnut horse reared and plunged wildly. Twice it seemed as if the girl's delicately-rounded arms would be torn from their sockets; but the small hands closed like steel vices, and, although her muscles were strained to agony, her will would not let them yield, for the struggle was for life. Guelda was striving, with her white teeth clenched, as hard for this stranger, whom she had never seen before, whom she saw now only as an unrecognizable heap of humanity, as ever she could have struggled for her own existence.

Alas, her senses seemed growing obscured! Despite her resolution, the slender fingers were slowly relaxing; the girl was half blinded with foam shaken from the bit of the plunging horse. Still, even as her heart began to fail, a voice rang clearly and strongly in her dizzy ears, uttering two words that were as trumpet-notes, sounding blessed deliverance to the nearly overpowered in the strife—

"Brave girl!"

A man's powerful grasp took the place of Guelda's failing hold, and, though a mist somewhat blinded her sight, through it she saw as it were the face of St. Michael looking into hers with a glorious smile of approval. She reeled slightly, feeling faint, as she stepped backward, and was fain to lean against an oak-tree close by, trembling a good deal and checking a strong inclination to cry. However, in many moments later, seeing a woman's help might be needed, she forced herself to come forward again.

Both the strangers who had been resting by the forest road had now come up. The one whom Guelda had noticed took in charge the frightened horse, which stared wildly, and now stood trembling with heaving flanks. The other—the St. Michael—was kneeling by the old man, who seemed stunned, and was anxiously loosening his collar.

"May I help you? You may trust me; I am used to nursing in illness," said Guelda.

Her voice thrilled in Ronald Airlie's ears—for that was the wayfarer's full name—as perhaps the sweetest and most harmonious he had ever heard. It seemed to him that she was speaking music; it ravished him with perhaps a more subtle pleasure than that given by her beautiful face or form, for the soft tones came from her heart, he thought.

Airlie gave a quick look into the speaker's tremulous face. He noted that her lips, like red rose-leaves, were quivering with excitement, while the tears brimming in the glorious eyes were being bravely struggled with and forced back; and withal that a true dignity and self-reliance made themselves felt in the girl's whole bearing. A gleam of warm admiration lit up his own sea-blue eyes.

"Trust you! I would trust you to do anything well you undertook!" he replied, with more fervor in his tone than the moment's excitement he could pause to weigh or repress.

So Guelda knelt down with flushing face beside the old man, but her fingers did not hesitate as she quickly used all available means to relive him. Her voice recovered full self-possession as she gave directions as to where a little spring of water would be found—she had noticed it as they came down the glade.

"Bino, you can show where it is."

The little boy, who had been hiding in terror behind the trees, was now close at his sister's side again, his black eyes wide with surprise and late alarm. He started obediently at once, but it was Islay who accompanied the little fellow. Ronald stayed behind, and busied himself trying to force some brandy from his pocket-flask down the throat of the unconscious man. In this he might have failed but for Guelda's quick tact and ready aid. She plainly knew what to do and how to do it. So, bending together over the suffering stranger, golden head and chestnut locks almost touched. Once indeed they did so by chance, and an indefinable thrill passed through these two, both young, both no handsome, but the one a poor forest girl of lowly station, the other the heir, if not of wealth, yet of an old and noble race and name, endowed by fortune with every blessing and fair gift, as his cousin Islay had said, save that of riches. The sea-blue eyes met the beautiful brown ones in speaking glances that perhaps said more, however rapidly, than the few words which were exchanged concerning the old man who was now beginning to show signs of recovery.

A groom in well-appointed livery, who had been following his master at some distance, now rode up in alarm and brought his services also to the group. Ronald in his heart wished him a mile away.

"That will do, my fellow," he said haughtily, preventing the servant from placing himself in his seat somewhat too close to Guelda's side. "Who is your master?"

"Lord London, sir, of Sheen Abbey," said the man respectfully, instantly recognizing that his questioner was accustomed to deference as his due.

Airlie rose to his feet, stifling what sounded like a muttered exclamation. His face suddenly changed from its late expression of frank fellow-feeling, as he stood, rigid and tall, looking darkly down on the prostrate aged figure on the grass at his feet. Guelda saw the look and wondered. In later days she remembered it but too well, and understood.

"He is coming round. I am going to walk on, and you can overtake me," Ronald Airlie said to his companion, who just then returned, carrying some water in his hat, while the child trotted at his heels.

Islay was just beginning an answering query, when Airlie added a hasty whisper that brought a look of grave surprise on his cousin's face, who nodded comprehending. But, before he strode away, Airlie paused, and, laying his hand gently on Bino's wild dark head, asked—"What shall we do you and your sister go home, my little man?"

"Up that hill to the cross-roads," said Bertrand promptly; and Ronald took the direction to which the child's short fore-finger pointed.

Presently the old man recovered himself, and tried to raise his head, which the girl had been supporting in her lap.

"What happened? Merlin—eh—threw me? I remember," he muttered. His words came in a curt, quick tone, as of one used to command, and who sought no sympathy from others; then his gaze, seeming still confused, wandered over the faces bending towards him in a ring.

Suddenly, as he saw Guelda fully, a change as of horror and great surprise came over his face. A hasty cry, strangely impressing all hearers, burst from his ashen lips.

"You—you! Great heavens, girl, who are you?"

As he spoke, Lord Loudon struggled to rise and confront the young girl, but would have fallen in his weakness had not Islay and the groom supported him on either side. Once on his feet, he still stared at Guelda as if he saw a ghost, and his face worked despite himself—for he had no strength left, after his fall—as he watched her.

"Can't you speak?" he demanded, with harsh querulousness. "Tell me your name—do you hear? I desire to know it."

The blood flamed up in Guelda's cheeks at the overbearing tone of command in the last words; she struggled for a moment or two against anger at the injustice she thought this dealt her. Then she threw up her head unconsciously with pride equal to his own, making a beautiful picture.

"My name cannot matter to you, sir. As I have done all that is needed here, I will wish you good evening and a safe journey home. Come, Bino!"

The great basket of flowers stood disregarded on the blue-bell bank, Guelda hurriedly caught it up like a feather-weight in her flush of high feeling, and, helping herself by resting it on a tree-trunk, got the burden on her head before the groom, who came forward, could help her. As she did so, Islay was eagerly explaining the late situation to Lord Loudon.

"You owe your life to that girl, sir. She risked her life in stopping the horse. It was a sight I shall never forget while I live—the most splendidly plucky act a woman could do!"

His bewildered hearer asked a question or two, still briefly, but now with high-bred urbanity, having partly recovered from his emotion, and recognizing his equal by Islay's manner, although surprised at meeting a gentleman in the forest loneliness, so far out of the beaten track of tourists or rare straying artists. Then Lord Loudon made a few steps towards Guelda with evident difficulty.

Pray stay—don't go for a minute yet, I beg of you!" he said, arresting the girl's progress, who was just moving away, holding her little brother's hand. "Will you not come back here? I am an old man and shaken, as you see, or I would go to you!" So saying he bowed with old-fashioned courtesy. Then he sat down heavily on a tree-stump near.

At the changed tone of courtesy the peasant-girl hesitated, then came slowly and stood before the old lord. She was like one of Gainsborough's masterpieces suddenly made alive, as she stood there, upright as a dart, so slim and graceful, carrying the great blue flowers load in some way lightly with ease, while her brown eyes and face with its milk-white and rosy complexion, which, though sunburnt a little, was still as transparently lovely, looked straightforward in simple frankness.

"What do you want with me, sir?" she asked quietly.

"I offer you an old man's thanks," said Lord Loudon, holding out his hand to the half-unwilling girl, "and to ask your acceptance of a mere trifle beside, for a new frock—eh?"

Seeing the gleam of gold pieces, Guelda proudly retreated a step or two backwards, while her face crimsoned.

"I cannot take money. I thank you very much, but I could not accept any."

"Would you risk your life, then, without reward, for a stranger?" asked the old man, watching her keenly.

The girl's short upper lip curled in pride; she held up her head with more dignity an air as though the great market-basket of blue-bells it bore was the coronet of a duchess.

"Yes—for any living being who was in distress that I could help. I could do it as much for old Eli, the Mitcheldean carrier, as for you, sir. What money could be worth a life?"

"Well, well, I thank you again," the old lord, who was still instently studying her face.

"But Guelda," whispered little Bino audibly, looking up at his sister in inquiring astonishment, "why don't you take the money—ten pieces I am sure i saw nearly—for you know it would pay the rent, and then you need not cry next time rent-day."

She hushed the child by hastily laying her hand on his lips; but Lord Loudon had half started forward, his white brows meeting in a frown as he demanded, in curiously tremulous accents—

"Guelda—Guelda! What is your other name, girl?"

"My name is Guelda Seaton," answered the girl, with frank calmness, surprised at the sudden pallor on her questioner's face, and seemed almost beside himself with some violent secret emotion, whether of anger or amazement she could not tell.

"And your father—who is—who was he, do you say! Tell me the truth."

"My father was a sailor—Lieutenant Bertrand Seaton; but he died worse than a shipwreck eight years ago. What need that matter to you, sir?" said Guelda sadly.

"I thought as much," hoarsely muttered Lord Loudon. "And your mother—she is an Italian, I can guess by that little brother of yours, who looks as if he ought to be dragging about a monkey with an organ-grinder. How did she come here—to the Forest of Dean—eh!"

"She was an Italian, as you say; and she came to this country to learn something of my father's family, if possible—or so I believe," was the girl's slow, dignified reply; "but that was long ago, just when my little brother was born; and she died herself and left us alone."

It was a simply pathetic explanation, followed by a few moments of silence. Islay, though he could not understand the matter, guessed that here was some mystery much deeper than mere curiosity, as was revealed by the old man's looks. The groom, whose well-trained manners and whose mouth, close as a spring-trap, generally, yet betrayed now a glimmering of astonished intelligence, and Guelda herself, who did not see the expression of her life, she should now be thus peremptorily delayed and ordered to "tell the truth"—a command that somewhat rankled in her candid mind—both waited.

"Your brother," went on Lord Loudon with difficulty, trying to moisten his dry lips as he spoke, "what is his Christian name—if is not his right one—eh? What is he called?"

"Bertrand, after our father. I used to call him Bino when he was a baby, because I nurse called him the baby—*bambino;* that is all. Now, sir, we shall be very late getting home, and I am afraid of meeting the carrier who offered us a lift. May I wish you good evening?"

"Stay—one word! Where do you live?"

Guelda named a hamlet in the forest, near where the Wye ran, a place of cottages, whose shadows in its lovellest loops low under wooded cliffs.

"And what do you do? Who supports you?"

The girl smiled with a sort of amused wonder, thinking in her own mind, did he suppose then they were fed by ravens, like the prophet in the desert?

"I support myself, thank you, sir—and him"—glancing at Bino.

"What kind of work?" went on her tormentor, who looked too pale and weak—being an old and very frail man—for much more conversation; but, before she could putting the last question, he briefly desired his groom to go to the horses, which were fastened to a tree a little way off.

"I work in dairy of a farmer near—that and other things, said Guelda. "Good-bye, sir." And, once more taking her little brother by the hand, the young girl departed.

As her slight figure disappeared out of sight among the big, branching green-wood trees, the great basket poised so steadily on her head and the little boy trotting at her side, Lord Loudon watched her with a strange expression till both disappeared. Then his head sank upon his breast, his hitherto upright figure became bowed, and his hands dropped upon his knees in an attitude of the most utter dejection.

Islay felt slightly alarmed, yet for some minutes did not like to speak. Lord Loudon seemed to be so shaken in mind and in body that he had apparently forgotten the stranger's presence.

But, when the groom led up the horses, having changed his master's saddle from Merlin to the sober brown hack he himself had ridden, the old man looked up and spoke. Islay still at hand, he collected his senses and formally thanked him for his kind attention.

"You are not going to ride back to Sheen Abbey, I hope, Lord Loudon?" said Islay.

"That is my intention, sir. What a man tries he generally has power to do," was the stiff reply. "I say I ask your name, as you seem to have learned mine?"

Islay, with a pleasant smile, gratified his request.

"Indeed!" The elder man rose with a courteous air and surprise, though he seemed still partly to know what he was saying. "I know your mother. This is a pleasure; and, although I lead the life of a recluse at Sheen, still, if you care to ride over and visit a lonely old man, I shall be proud to see you."

Islay thanked him with courtesy, but explained that he was merely spending a few days at a hunting box in the country some miles away, one he had seldom visited hitherto. After saying farewell, he started to overtake Ronald Airlie.

As Islay came up with his cousin, both men saw Lord Loudon riding slowly with drooping head and stooped figure, as if stiff and sore of body, down a diverging forest-road, behind groom.

(To be Continued.)

Of Course He Is.

A writer in a recent magazine argues at considerable length to prove that a policeman is not a useful and busy member of society. We think that a persual of the following hitherto unpublished extracts from the diary of a New York policeman, dated September 26, will show that the author is mistaken:

A.M.—Digested my breakfast by walking and then beaten track of tourists or rare straying artists. Then Lord Loudon made a few steps towards Guelda with evident difficulty.

Pray stay—don't go for a minute yet, I beg of you!" he said, arresting the girl's progress, who was just moving away, holding her little brother's hand. "Will you not come back here? I am an old man and shaken, as you see, or I would go to you!" So saying he bowed with old-fashioned courtesy. Then he sat down heavily on a tree-stump near.

At the changed tone of courtesy the peasant-girl hesitated, then came slowly and stood before the old lord. She was like one of Gainsborough's masterpieces suddenly made alive, as she stood there, upright as a dart, so slim and graceful, carrying the great blue flowers load in some way lightly with ease, while her brown eyes and face with its milk-white and rosy complexion, which, though sunburnt a little, was still as transparently lovely, looked straightforward in simple frankness.

"What do you want with me, sir?" she asked quietly.

"I offer you an old man's thanks," said Lord Loudon, holding out his hand to the half-unwilling girl, "and to ask your acceptance of a mere trifle beside, for a new frock—eh?"

Seeing the gleam of gold pieces, Guelda proudly retreated a step or two backwards, while her face crimsoned.

"I cannot take money. I thank you very much, but I could not accept any."

"Would you risk your life, then, without reward, for a stranger?" asked the old man, watching her keenly.

The girl's short upper lip curled in pride; she held up her head with more dignity an air as though the great market-basket of blue-bells it bore was the coronet of a duchess.

"Yes—for any living being who was in distress that I could help. I could do it as much for old Eli, the Mitcheldean carrier, as for you, sir. What money could be worth a life?"

"Well, well, I thank you again," the old lord, who was still instently studying her face.

"But Guelda," whispered little Bino audibly, looking up at his sister in inquiring astonishment, "why don't you take the money—ten pieces I am sure i saw nearly—for you know it would pay the rent, and then you need not cry next time rent-day."

She hushed the child by hastily laying her hand on his lips; but Lord Loudon had half started forward, his white brows meeting in a frown as he demanded, in curiously tremulous accents—

"Guelda—Guelda! What is your other name, girl?"

"My name is Guelda Seaton," answered the girl, with frank calmness, surprised at the sudden pallor on her questioner's face, and seemed almost beside himself with some violent secret emotion, whether of anger or amazement she could not tell.

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tion of the law. Didn't have any money with me and had to "hang it up."

Discovered two (2) nuisances, one of which I decided did not exist. (I may be wrong.) Shot a dog by taking aim at a citizen, and lost my club. Tried to buy a campaign club to replace the lost one, but the owner wouldn't sell.

P.M.—Told by a man all out of breath that there had been a bank robbery in the next street. Ran around there to see if they had left any trace. Found they had left the bank.

Arrested a little girl and a pitcher of milk. The latter was adulterated.

Said "Smell" when a man asked me where the Fresh Air Fund was. Applied to be promoted as a roundsman, and went home to bed.

N.B.—Am more and more glad every day that I am a policeman, because I have so many chances to help my fellow-creatures.

His Departure Delayed.

"Hello, Brown, when did you get back from the other side?"

"Yesterday."

"I thought you were expected a month ago?"

"I was."

"You must have been stuck on Europe."

"No, Smith, I wasn't stuck on Europe, I was stuck in Europe."

A New Labor Combination.

O'Toole—I see ye are workin', McGuire!

McGuire—I'm drawin' the pay av two men on the dock; but divil a bit of wor-r-ruk hev I to do. Come down an' see me!

McGuire—You see, O'Toole, the horse does all the wor-r-ruk!—*Puck.*

Cheap as Dirt.

"You fellows charge a very high price for pulling teeth," said a real estate dealer to a dentist.

"Oh, I don't know about that, was the confident reply, "we only charge a dollar an ache."

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WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

PERCY MORTON'S ESTIMATE OF HELENA STEWART.

They spent an hour or more looking about the pretty island, and then they sat down beneath the shade of a great tree to discuss the contents of the lunch basket, to which Mr. Harwood contributed by bringing forth, from some mysterious corner of his boat, a bag of delicious fruit.

"This is just the jolliest kind of a picnic," Belle affirmed, as she set her white teeth into a luscious peach. "There are just enough of us—I detest large parties."

"Do you? Why?" inquired Charles Harwood, growing more and more interested in this frank girl.

"Oh, because if there is rowing, or dancing, or bowling, a certain set have all the fun, and a certain other set, of which I am always sure to be one, are set aside as of no account and left to themselves."

Both Hazel and Mr. Harwood indulged in a hearty laugh at this rather doubtful estimate of picnics.

"Do you like them?" Belle demanded; "men generally think such things stupid."

"That depends somewhat upon the company," he replied, "although I have had some very good times at rustic parties, I am bound to confess."

"Well, you just wait until Helena comes. There'll be gay goings on then, and you can have your fill of picnics or anything else. The duchess' party is coming next week, and mamma is making great plans. Do you know Lord Nelson Hartwell?" the young girl asked.

"Oh, yes; well. We were at Oxford together," replied the young man.

"Do you? Isn't he splendid? I think he is the nicest young gentleman I ever knew," Belle asserted, thinking only of her kind friend and the luscious fruit she was disposing of at that moment.

"Lord Nelson is fortunate in having secured so ardent an admirer," said Mr. Harwood, smiling, "but I agree with you, Miss Belle; he is a fine, a noble young man."

"There is a young doctor, too, at Kingston who, I think, is almost as nice as his lordship," Belle rattled on. "He was sent for to attend Helena until Sir Henry should arrive, and they all say that he saved her life. He is very handsome, and I have an idea that he is very smart, too."

"So have I; my father was very much pleased with him," returned the young man. His name is Morton, isn't it?"

"Yes; Dr. Percy Morton. Percy is a very nice name for a young man, don't you think so, Hazel?"

Hazel's face had grown suddenly scarlet at the first mention of the young doctor at Kingston, for she knew instantly whom Belle meant, although this was the first that she had heard of Percy being summoned to Osterly Park to attend Helena Stewart, for to her he seldom mentioned anything connected with his practice. She was so startled by Belle's question that the color fled from her face, while the tart that she was eating dropped from her trembling fingers and rolled to the ground.

"That was too bad, Miss Gay," said Mr. Harwood, who had noticed her confusion without appearing to do so, "but, fortunately, the loss can be made up to you; help yourself to another," and he passed the basket to her.

"I thank you," she said, taking one, not because she wanted it, but to conceal her agitation.

"Is your admiration for Nelson Hartwell as hearty as that of your friend?" the young man asked, to save her the necessity of replying to Belle's question.

"I admire what I have heard of him, but I am not qualified to judge personally, since I have never met him," Hazel replied.

"Ah! have you never been in Kingston?" inquired Mr. Harwood, thinking that perhaps he had, after all, been mistaken in associating her confusion with the young physician there, and feeling relieved at the thought.

"No, I have not; neither have I seen much of high life," she said, looking up and meeting his eye steadily, and determined not to occupy a false position. "I have been in school for many years, having only graduated last month, while, as a governess, I shall probably not see much of it in the future, except at a distance."

Charles Harwood's eyes lighted with admiration for the girl who would make this frank confession; but Belle was considerably exercised over it.

"Now, Hazel, I don't see why you need tell Mr. Harwood that you are a governess," she said, regretfully.

"But it is the truth, dear," Hazel returned, gently, "you were very kind to introduce me as your friend, and I know that you regard me as such; at the same time I did not feel that it would be quite candid to even tacitly allow a false impression to prevail."

"I give you credit for being very conscientious, Miss Gay, and henceforth my respect for governesses will be increased fourfold," said the young lawyer, with marked deference. "Where were you educated, allow me to ask?"

"At Madam Hawley's select school for young ladies, in London."

"Ah! that is a fine institution, I am told, and you have done well to complete the course so early."

He began to think the young lady must be very clever, as well as beautiful and noble-minded.

The conversation thus drifted away from Percy and he was not mentioned again, and though Hazel would have been glad to know more about Helena Stewart's illness in connection with which he had proved himself so skilful, yet she could not bring herself to inquire about him.

When their appetites were appeased, Hazel said she thought they ought to return to Crescent Villa, lest Mrs. Stewart should become alarmed at their long absence, especially as, with the aid of a glass, she would be able to see their empty boat, and thus be led to imagine that something had happened to them.

Mr. Harwood said he only awaited their commands and rising, led the way to his boat. Half an hour later they were safely landed at the foot of their own grounds, while he promised to see that their boat was returned as soon as the tide would permit.

"Don't tell mamma," Belle pleaded, as they drew near the house, "she'll imagine we've been in mischief, and will not allow us to again go out alone."

Hazel turned and looked full into the young girl's eyes.

"My dear Belle, I hope that you will tell her at once yourself," she said, quietly.

"Indeed, I shall not; I've learned wisdom from experience. I've had too many good times stopped by trying to be conscientious," Belle retorted, with considerable feeling.

"Then I shall have to," said Hazel, gravely.

"Don't, there's a dear; we've done no harm. Mr. Harwood will bring the boat back, and no one need ever know anything about it," the girl pleaded.

"Belle, as long as I remain with you, I shall never deceive your mother in the slightest particular. I, too, think we have done nothing wrong, but we have made the acquaintance of this stranger, and I shall tell Mrs. Stewart about it if you do not. You know that it is the right thing to do, and that you would cease to respect me, as I should cease to respect myself, if I should be guilty of any deception."

"Of what and whom are you speaking, Miss Gay?" inquired the cool, high-bred voice of Mrs. Stewart at this juncture.

She had been sitting in a low chair behind one of the massive pillars of the porch, and neither of the girls had seen her, while she had heard the whole of their conversation.

Belle flushed scarlet, then she turned and bounded up the steps, all that was noblest in her aroused by Hazel's brave stand for the right.

She threw herself upon her knees by her mother's side and poured forth the whole story in her eager, outspoken way, while Hazel, quietly by listening, and smiling now and then at Belle's quaint and lively descriptions, while Mrs. Stewart glanced searchingly from one face to the other.

When her daughter concluded she made two or three pertinent inquiries; then, appearing satisfied, she dismissed them, saying it was all right since they knew who the gentleman was; still, she would have preferred them to come directly home instead of going to the island after their accident.

She kissed Belle as she arose from her kneeling posture.

"I am glad that you have told me, dear," she said. "Do not ever deceive your mother, Belle."

She bent an appreciative smile upon Hazel, while her conscience smote her keenly for neglected duty—that she had left her child till this late day to learn lessons of truthfulness and honor from her fair young governess. She believed that she had found a treasure in Hazel Gay, and her respect for her was increased tenfold by what she had overheard that morning.

It was a great pity that she did not allow it to influence her differently when, later on, a dark cloud settled down upon Hazel and threatened to ruin her every prospect in life.

* * * *

The Duchess of Jersey was all ready for her summer flitting to Brighton; but before her departure she had arranged to give a brilliant lawn party in honor of her young guest, Miss Helena Stewart.

Everything that wealth and taste could do had been done to make it the most *recherche* affair of the season, and Helena, on the evening in question, was radiantly lovely in white tulle, garnished with maiden-hair ferns, while costly pearls shone upon her milk white neck and arms and in the rich masses of golden hair.

Dr. Morton had been favored with an invitation, and, thinking that it might prove a favorable opportunity to give Miss Stewart the ring and glove which he had found in the Rhododendron Walk, he decided to accept it.

He found the park brilliantly lighted and decorated; the house, also, was ablaze with light, and filled with the perfume of lovely flowers, which were scattered with lavish profusion on every hand.

Miss Stewart was standing beside her grace, as he entered the elegant drawing-room, and he owned to himself that he had never seen a handsomer or more regal looking woman.

He had met her two or three times since her illness, and she had always greeted him with great cordiality, and left behind her a delightful impression of her beauty and grace and culture; but he had never seen her in full dress before, and now she seemed almost dazzling.

She received him with marked pleasure, and as the march to the pavilion, which had been erected for dancing, was just forming, she allowed him to act as her escort, and led the dance with him.

She was wonderfully graceful on the floor, but, better than this, she was a charming companion between the figures, and Percy was well nigh fascinated with her fluency in conversation, her keen-edged wit and repartee.

Twice afterward he danced with her, and when his last figure with her was concluded she asked him if he would not like to stroll about for a while and look at the various designs in decoration that were scattered about the grounds.

He assented, feeling far more pleasure at the request than he dared to betray, and they wandered about for some time in the beautiful park.

They came at length into the Rhododendron Walk, which evidently affected Helena unpleasantly when she realized where she was.

"This is where I had that unfortunate fainting turn," she remarked, with a slight shiver, while she shot a swift, apprehensive glance around, as if she was fearful of being startled in some way, and which Percy was quick to notice.

"I know it," he remarked, quietly.

She started.

"Have you ever been here before, Dr. Morton?" she asked, giving him a searching look.

"Yes. I came here that morning after leaving you."

"What for!" was the breathless query.

"To look at the rhododendrons. The gardener told me that her grace had some fine specimens and invited me to take a look at them."

"Oh."

"There was a word of relief in the simple interjection, that told Percy a great deal.

"This was about where you fell, I believe," he said, stopping at a turn in the path.

"How do you know?" Helena asked, surprised, and he felt the hand that rested on his arm tremble slightly.

"I imagined so from certain indications."

"What indications?"

"Well, the gravel all about here seemed to have been disturbed; flowers were broken from the shrubs and trampled and crushed upon the walk; besides——"

"Besides what?" imperatively, as he hesitated.

"Near here, lying just under the shadow of this shrub on our right, I found—this."

As he concluded, he drew from a pocket of his vest the ring which he had discovered in the lost glove on that eventful morning.

For a moment there was a death-like hush, during which Helena Stewart's eyes were fastened on that circlet of gold set with the costly and beautifully-carved cameo, while a thrill like an electric shock vibrated throughout her frame.

The next she looked calmly up into her companion's face with a lovely smile.

"Did you really find that here?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well—but—what could that circumstance have to do with proving to you that this was the spot where I fell?" she asked, with a puzzled air that would have done credit to a finished actress.

But for that startled thrill, which Percy, always keenly alive to every change in the human system, had not failed to perceive, he would have been entirely deceived and almost tempted to believe that the two circumstances could have had no connection with each other.

He did not reply to her question, but said:

"I found this also—the ring was inside one of the fingers, and must have been drawn off at the same time with the glove;" and he held it up before her.

"Ah! a gentleman's glove! How—very—queer! Oh, I understand now, I think," she went on, with a light laugh, in which, to the physician's practical ear, there was a touch of nervousness; "you imagined that some one came here and frightened me, then ran away, losing the glove in his flight."

"Yes, that was my theory," he admitted, looking her steadfastly in the eye.

"A very natural one, too, I can now see," she said, blandly, "and it accounts to me for what seemed the strange advice which you gave me during your second visit, 'never to allow myself to be shocked or frightened again.' But that is a very handsome ring, is it not? Some visitor must have dropped it while viewing the rhododendrons."

"It is a very valuable ring I should judge, and possibly the owner may yet be found, since it is marked," Percy replied, wondering at her remarkable self-possession.

"Is it? Pray let me look at," said Helena.

She took it from him—her fingers, as they touched his for an instant, were like ice—and approaching nearer one of the lanterns that were strung along the walk, she appeared to examine it closely.

"H. S. to C. O," she read aloud, with a musing air, and but for the deadly paleness of her lips Percy would never have imagined that she had ever seen or heard of those initials before.

"What a pity for anyone to lose anything so choice," she added, as she returned the ring to him. "Have you looked for any mark upon the glove to identify the owner?"

"There is no mark upon it anywhere save the ring," Percy replied.

"Perhaps," Helena suggested, reflectively, "it would be well to hand the glove and ring to her grace, in case inquiry should be made regarding them; she may know some one whose name would be suggested by those initials, or, if you like, I will give them to her," she concluded, as if that were an after thought.

"Thank you," he replied, briefly, and laid both glove and ring upon her palm, feeling very sure that the duchess would never see either; while as he conducted her back to the pavilion his heart was filled with pity not unmingled with disgust, for one who though outwardly so fair was at heart so false and deceitful.

Percy Morton alone, out of all her admirers, had read Helena Stewart's character aright.

CHAPTER XVII.

HAZEL MAKES HER DEBUT AMONG FASHIONABLE PEOPLE.

On the day following the brilliant lawn party at Osterly, the duchess and her household went to Brighton, and Helena returned to her mother; but, as before mentioned, the grounds of the two places adjoined, and thus the families saw almost as much of each other as heretofore.

Lord Nelson Hartwell admired Helena exceedingly; he thought her the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, and when in her presence she charmed him, as she did every one else. Still, there were times, when he was alone, when he told himself that he feared she would not meet all the wants of his nature as a lifelong companion, and he hesitated about speaking words which would bind him to her, even though he knew that it was the united wish of his grandmother, the duchess, and Mrs. Stewart, that they should marry.

"You will never find a more beautiful or accomplished woman, go the world over," her grace had said to him many times. "I am getting old, my boy, and so is his grace, and it is the desire of my heart to see you well settled in life before I leave it."

But Lord Nelson's reply was always:

"Wait; I am not quite ready. Helena is very sweet and beautiful, I admit; but something holds me back."

"It is only your own diffidence, Nelson. 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' you know," her grace would retort playfully, and then let the matter rest for a time.

A day or two after their arrival at Brighton the duchess called to take Mrs. Stewart and Helena for a drive—"to show them the lions of the place," she said. Lord Nelson accompanied them, and as he assisted Helena to enter the carriage, she was so bright and handsome, and greeted him so charmingly, he told himself that he believed he could do no better than to profit by his grandmother's advice, after all.

During their drive they suddenly came face to face with a party of three, a gentleman and two ladies, when the duchess stopped, an exclamation of surprise and pleasure escaped her, and she greeted the occupants of the other carriage with evidences of delight such as she seldom manifested in the presence of any one.

"What a beautiful girl!" said Mrs. Stewart, as her eyes rested upon the face of the younger of the two ladies.

"Yes, Marie Earlescourt is a lovely girl, and her mother is a lovelier woman. Did you notice her!" asked the duchess, her dull face all aglow from the pleasure of the meeting.

"No; my attention was wholly engrossed by the young lady," replied Mrs. Stewart.

"I am sorry; but you will soon have an opportunity to meet her, no doubt. By the way, my friend, Mrs. Earlescourt, is one of your own countrywomen."

"Indeed! From what portion of the United States is she?"

"From Chicago, in the State of Illinois, I believe," replied the duchess. "She was visiting abroad a good many years ago—before her first husband's death—and Mr. Earlescourt fell in love with her at that time. Her husband was lost while on his way to meet her here in England. She was very popular in society—as much as our Helena here, and had a great many admirers. Two years after her return to America, a heart-broken widow, Mr. Earlescourt followed her and brought her back with him as his wife."

"Quite a romantic story," remarked Mrs. Stewart. "Is that young girl all the child they have?"

"No; they have two sons, and I am told that Marie is only their child by adoption, although the whole family just idolize her. She is not yet really out; she is to be presented at court next season. I wonder where they are stopping, Nelson?" continued her grace, turning to her grandson. "You must ascertain for me, and I will try to induce them to come to us for a little visit."

"With pleasure," the young man replied, with animation, as he turned to bestow another look upon the occupants of the vanishing carriage, and Mrs. Stewart glanced anxiously from him to Helena.

She had set her heart upon having her daughter become the future Duchess of Jersey, therefore it would be a terrible disappointment to her if he should transfer his affections to any one else, and Helena thus lose the proud position which his wife would confer upon her.

Helena herself was somewhat disturbed by what had just occurred. She had never yet really settled in her own mind the question whether she should marry the young lord or not. Since she had seen Percy Morton she had become conscious that he was the only person in the world whom she could ever love better than she loved herself. If she could win him she knew that no coronet in the kingdom would have any attraction for her; if she could not—then, perhaps, the next best thing that she could do for herself would be to secure the heir apparent to Osterly.

She had always held him at a certain distance—she did not wish to bring matters to a crisis until she had tested, still further, her power over Percy Morton; still, remarking his admiring glance at Marie Earlescourt, and seeing her grace's evident affection for the young lady's mother, she began to think that it might not be pleasant to have his allegiance to her transferred to another, at least not at present.

Lord Nelson learned that afternoon that the Hon. William Earlescourt and his family were sojourning at one of the fine hotels of Brighton, where they intended remaining until they could secure a furnished house. Her grace went to call upon them immediately, and gave them an urgent invitation to come to her until they were suited for the season.

The invitation was accepted as cordially as it was given, and two days later found the family delightfully located in an elegant suite of rooms in the duchess' beautiful and spacious villa.

(To be Continued.)

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the favorite place in Toronto and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

Here Again.

Now comes the season when the sad-eyed poet wraps himself in his ulster, puts on his overshoes to keep his feet warm, dons his battered seal skin cap, and sits down to write a poem on the ringing of the sleighbells on the crisp air, the crunch of the runners through the snow.

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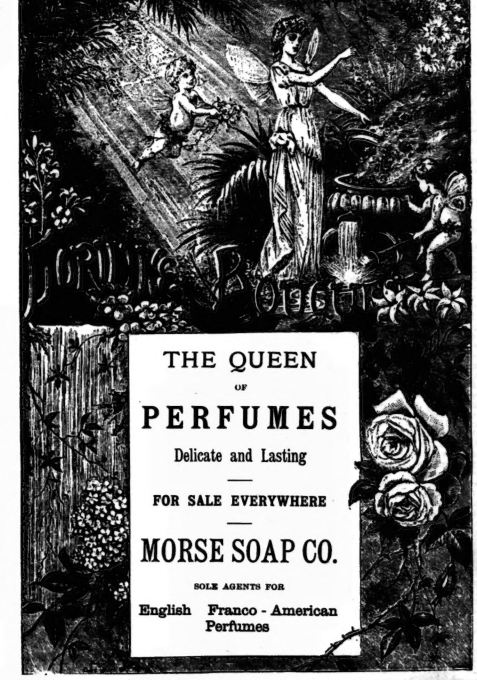

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Forty Years or Younger.

M. Ernest Renan, the celebrated French litterateur, in a recent address in Paris, expressed himself as follows: "In my opinion France will perish in a literary sense because of her young writers. It is impossible to write well before the age of 40." M. Renan is a better judge of the condition of letters in his own country than any one on this side of the Atlantic. He is a man of wide culture and an author who, as a philosophical writer, occupies a high position in the world of bookmaking. French literature is not what it was a quarter of a century ago. Compare the writers of to-day with those of that period. Not one—not all of them—is equal to Balzac or Hugo. And Dumas, the elder, is beyond their reach. The gulf between the two it would be hard to measure.

Cervantes, the great Spaniard, was 50 years of age when he finished Don Quixote. He wrote it during an imprisonment.

Dante was also 50 when he completed his Commedia.

In Germany, Goethe wrote his Sorrows of Werther when he was 23. The delightful book made the young author famous at once. He wrote his celebrated drama, Goetz von Berlichingen, when he was 24; his Iphegenie at 30; Egmont at 39; Wilhelm Meister at 46, and his majestic dramatic poem, Faust, when he was 56. He had been planning Faust in his mind for many years previous, but it was put in form and completed when the great German philosopher and poet had passed the meridian of life.

Schiller was 19 when he wrote The Robbers, and 26 when he composed Don Carlos.

Heinrich Heine, wit, poet, satirist and philosopher, composed his first lyrics at 22—his Youthful Sorrows. At 25 he wrote his celebrated Reisebi der—Pictures of Travel.

We come now to the authors of M. Renan's own country—France. Moliere, the greatest of French dramatists, gave to the world his plays at the following age: Les Precieuses Ridicules at 37, L'Ecole des Femmes at 40. Tartuffe at 42 and Le Misanthrope, his masterpiece, at 45.

Voltaire was 24 when he composed Œdipe and 35 when he wrote Zaire.

Rousseau wrote not much of any importance before he was 37 and then it was an essay for a prize offered by the academy at Dijon, which he won and became celebrated. He penned his Julie at 45 and his Heloise at 47.

Victor Hugo wrote a volume of odes and ballads at 20; Marion de L'Orme at 29, Ruy Blas at 39, Les Miserables, his greatest work, at 60, and the Toilers of the Sea at 63.

Dumas, the elder, was 25 when he wrote his drama Henry the Third, 41 when he wrote The Three Musketeers and 42 when he wrote the Count of Monte Cristo.

Balzac gave to France his Physiology of Marriage at 31 and his Comedie Humaine, including Pere Goriot, Cousin Pons, Eugenie Grandet, etc., after he was 35.

Le Sage composed his Gil Blas at the age of 42.

The history of English literature shows a ripening of genius at a very early age. It is interesting to read M. Taine's history of English literature if only to find a Frenchman's reasons for this remarkable blossoming of the higher forms of the intellect. Carlyle wrote Sartor Resartus at 39, the French Revolution at 42.

Robert Burns is an exception to all rules. He was a divine genius. Shakspere is also an exception. He likewise possessed the true divine spark. Burns wrote his Poor Maillie's Elegy and John Barleycorn at 19, and all of his best work was done before he was 25.

At the age of 29 Shakspere wrote his Lucrece. His Venus and Adonis was composed at an earlier age. When he had reached 32 many of his best dramas had been written, Richard III., Merchant of Venice, Midsummer Night's Dream, Richard II. and All's Well That Ends Well. At 40 he wrote Hamlet.

Bacon was 49 when he wrote the Wisdom of the Ancients, and past 60 when he finished his Novum Organum.

Goldsmith, Vicar of Wakefield, 36; The Traveler, 36; The Good Natured Man, 39; Roman History, 41; She Stoops to Conquer, 44; History of Animated Nature, 46.

Sterne, Tristram Shandy, 46; The Sentimental Journey, 55.

Fielding, Love in Several Masques, 20; Joseph Andrews, 35; Jonathan Wild, 36; Tom Jones, 42.

Byron wrote Childe Harold when he was 24.

Milton, L' Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus, 29; Paradise Lost, 57.

Keats, Endymion, 22; The Eve of Saint Agnes, 24.

Gray, Ode to Adversity, 36; Elegy in a Country Churchyard, 43.

Dr. Johnson commenced his dictionary at the age of 39 wrote his Rambler at 41 and his philosophical novel, Rasselas, at 50.

Thackeray, Michael Angelo Titmarsh papers at 30; Vanity Fair, 35; Pendennis, 39; Henry Esmond, 41; Virginians, 46.

Dickens, Boz sketches, 24; Pickwick, 25; Oliver Twist, 26; Nicholas Nickleby, 27; Barnaby Rudge, Old Curiosity Shop, Master Humphrey's Clock, 29; Martin Chuzzlewit, 32; Dombey & Son, 36.

Scott, Lenora and Wild Huntsman, 25; Lay of the Last Minstrel, 34; Guy Mannering, Rob Roy, Ivanhoe, The Heart of Midlothian, from 44 to 48; Kenilworth, Quentin Durward, Peveril of the Peak, 48 to 54.

Macaulay, Ivry, 26; Essays, 40 to 42; History of England, 48.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, The Rivals, 23; The Duenna, 25; School for Scandal, 26.

Shelley, an Essay on the Necessity of Atheism, 17; Queen Mab, 18; Prometheus and the Cenci, 27.

Swift, Battle of the Books, 30; Gulliver's Travels, 59.

Coleridge, The Ancient Mariner and Christabel, 24; Biographia Literaria and Table Talk, 44.

Wordsworth was 44 when he wrote The Excursion, DeQuincey was 35 when he wrote the Confessions of an Opium Eater, and Addison was 39 when he commenced his Spectator Essays.

The list might be continued indefinitely. But there is no necessity for it. Enough facts have been quoted to prove that while some of the literary masterpieces of the world have been written after the author had passed his 40th year more have been written before the author had reached that age. M. Renan's position is not sustained by the facts. The preponderance of evidence seems to be against him.

The "Arizona Kicker."

We extract the following items from the last issue of the *Arizona Kicker:*

SQUARE TALK.—It may pay the *New York Herald, Cincinnati Enquirer* or *St. Louis Democrat* to beat around the bush and call a lump of sugar a grindstone, but the *Kicker* can't do business after that fashion. We are plumb up and down, and never refer to a sap-headed demagogue as an eminent statesman. This is why we called Maj. Tarbox a liar and a swindler in these columns last week. Some of his friends think we ought to have drawn it mild'er, and content ourself with remarking that he would enjoy better health in some other climate, but we didn't see it in that light.

OUR JOLLY FRIENDS.—When we erected the shanty which has ever since served us for an office, Italian marble, Milwaukee brick and plate glass were way up in "G" and beyond our means. That's the reason we didn't put up a six-story temple, and that's the reason we built of sods and boards. We traded our last undershirt for two half-window sashes, which contained six panes of glass each; and for some time these were the only sash on Park Row, and our bosom swelled with pride. Our bosom has, however, ceased to swell.

Such friends of ours as do not care to go to the trouble of calling upon us in the day-time and punching our head for some real or fancied grievance, hang off until the office is closed and we have sought our couch. Then they rock our windows, and canter away before we can bring our shotgun to bear. While we have saved enough rocks for the foundations of our new office it has been hard on our windows. The last bit of sash went last night, and to-day we are all boarded up in front. Sorry to deprive the boys of their fun, but we have got to look out for winter.

THE WRONG LOCALITY.—Nothing further will appear in the *Kicker* in regard to either free trade or protection. When the campaign opened we went in heavy for free trade, but we couldn't excite a single subscriber. Then we turned to protection, but not a leaf stirred. We have praised and abused both Cleveland and Harrison by turns, and have cuibbed and flattered all parties, but our brilliant talent has gone for naught. It isn't the locality. Five lines regarding a dog-fight are worth more to this neighborhood than five tons of political editorials. A mention of old Steve Smith falling into Dead Horse Creek will excite more real interest than a dozen political platforms. Therefore, *hic jacet solis*, and so forth, which means that we shall not break any more sunpeachers stealing editorials from the Chicago papers.

MORE ENTERPRISE.—Three new faro banks and two saloons have been established since our last issue, and we hear of several other enterprises for the near future. The town is bound to grow. We don't claim that a faro bank will add to the population as quick as a rolling mill, but it is a far livelier institution and doesn't occupy one-tenth of the room.

PASSED OVER.—Old Jim Badlau was found dead in his bed last Sunday morning, and a coroner's jury returned a verdict of too much whisky. Old Jim and ourself were the only two men in town who didn't put on false whiskers every time the stage came in, and who dared inquire for their own mail at the postoffice. We remember him chiefly as the first man who got ahead of us in Arizona. We intended to strike him for the loan of a quarter, but he hit us first for the loan of a half. Poor old Jim! We are not going to guarantee that he is better off, but will wager two to one that he has found a shortage of saloons in his new stamping ground.

How He Got Out of It.

Mr. Bender (putting on a cold, stolid brace)—Been t' Long Island on bishness wi' Mishter (hic-hue)——

Mrs. Bender—How is Mr. Hickok?

Mr. Bender—Shplendid, m' dear! (By ginger, that was a narrer 'shcape!)—*Judge.*

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Men spend their lives in the service of their passions instead of employing their passions in the service of their lives.—*Steele.*

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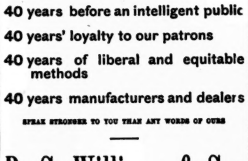

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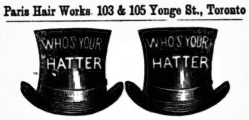

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McLaster—Had to do it, old boy, don't you know? Been so long in the country, couldn't sleep in the morning without him.—*Time.*

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Lord Stanley gave his first dinner party here last Saturday evening. The guests were Sir John and Lady Macdonald, Sir John and Lady Thompson, Hon. Charles and Mrs. Tupper, Chief Justice Sir Wm. Ritchie, Lady Ritchie and Miss Ritchie.

The occupants of Government House are entering heartily into Ottawa life. His Excellency, Lady Stanley, Capt. and Mrs. Colville, Capt. MacMahon, Hon. Arthur Stanley and Miss Lister were present at the At Home given by the Ottawa Lawn Tennis Club on Monday afternoon. The weather was charming, and many very pleasant people enjoyed a delightful afternoon. The ladies showed some handsome fall costumes, and the Capital may well be proud not only of its maids but also of its matrons. The Governor General and *suite* were received at the gate on their arrival by Lieut.-Cols. Bacon and Irwin. Among the ladies observed at the Club House were Mrs. McLeod Stewart, Miss Geraldine Stewart, Mrs. W. H. Rowley, Miss Richardson, Mrs. and Miss Wise, Miss Torrance, Miss Mackay, Miss Moylan, Mrs. and Miss Powell, Mrs. Sydney Smith, Mrs. Bacon and Miss Bacon, Mrs. S. L. Shannon, Mrs. W. E. Hodgins, Mrs. W. A. Allan, Mrs. Gilmour, Mrs. J. Irwin, Miss Schreiber, Miss Smith, Miss Laura Smith, Mrs. Cromble, Mrs. J. A. Clayton, Miss Gordon, Mrs. J. J. Bogart, Miss Bogart, Mrs. Kingsford, Mrs. Heron, Miss Frazer of Toronto, Miss Scott, Mrs. Powell, Miss Moylan, Mrs. Nash, Mrs. J. McPherson, Miss Clark, Mrs. H. Sinclair, Miss McClymont, Mrs. Tache, Miss Taschereau, Mrs. C. Magee, Miss Magee, Miss O'Meara, Lady Ritchie, Miss Ritchie, Miss Gisborne, Miss Selwyn, Miss Miall, Misses Thistle, Miss Armstrong.

There have been quite a number of notable marriages in Ottawa recently, and rumor has it that more are to come. On Wednesday morning Miss Olivia Armstrong, daughter of the late Rev. J. G. Armstrong and a niece of Bishop Lewis, was married to Mr. David Keeley of the Public Works Department. Her uncle and the Archdeacon of Ottawa, assisted by Rev. W. J. Muckleston, performed the ceremony. Miss Kate Pinbey was bridesmaid, and Mr. Robt. Keeley, the groom's brother, was best man.

Another interesting marriage was that of Miss Mutchmore, third daughter of Mr. A. Mutchmore, to Mr. H. B. Billings, a son of one of the oldest families in this section of Ontario.

The visit of Miss Rose Coghlan, the actress, to Ottawa, which takes place next week, receives additional interest from the fact that Mrs. T. Charles Watson, a *citoyenne* of Ottawa and well known throughout the Dominion for her elocutionary talent, is a member of her company. The Governor-General and Lady Stanley have promised to patronize Miss Coghlan's company. WATCHMAN.

BRANTFORD.

Mr. and Mrs. Will. D. Jones returned last week from their wedding trip.

Rev. G. C. Mackenzie and Mrs. Mackenzie were visiting friends in London last week.

Mrs. David Waterous gives an At Home next Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. A. K. Bunnell gives an At Home on Friday evening.

Mrs. F. J. Wilkes gave a small reunion last Tuesday evening, for her niece, Miss Etta Wilkes of Mount Forest.

Miss M. Greer is recovering from her recent illness.

Messrs. L. E. Blackadder, H. T. Mintz, Captains Walter A. Wilkes and A. E. Christie went to Galt last Saturday, taking their canoes with them intending to run the river for the last time this season. But unfortunately the water was more plentiful overhead than underneath, and the canoe trip resolved itself into a walking match as far as Paris, where, leaving their canoes, they drove the remainder of the way to town.

Mrs. J. E. Waterous is spending a few days in Picton.

Mrs. W. H. Grassett of Riverside, Cal., is visiting Mrs. A. Bunnell.

Mrs. Gould's At Home took place last Thursday evening, and was in every way delightful and successful. The rooms were artistically decorated with clematis, red berries and autumn leaves. A charming Japanese withdrawing-room, lighted with soft-colored lights, made a delightful retreat between the dances. The verandah afforded a cool and quiet promenade, while upstairs a card-room was provided for those who did not trip the light fantastic. Among the many handsome toilets I noticed those of Mrs. Lally of Lancingburg, white corded silk trimmed with lace and pearls and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Jeffry Hale, pink silk with train and Honiton lace; Mrs. Baldwin of New Orleans, white silk with train trimmed with lace, diamond ornaments and crimson roses; Mrs. Cummings Nelles, black silk with train, jet trimmings and pansies; Mrs. G. H. Wilkes, cardinal brocade with train, cream lace and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Herbert Yates, Nile-green silk and moire antique with pink ostrich feathers and diamond ornaments; Mrs. J. E. Waterous, black silk and moire antique with train, crimson flowers; Mrs. F. J. Wilkes, pink silk with white lace and diamonds; Mrs. H. McK. Wilson, pale pink satin and crimson brocade with pearl trimmings; Mr. L. E. Blackadder, pink crepe with train; Miss Blake, white Madras muslin and pale pink flowers; Miss Kate Wilkes, cream satin and garnet plush, white roses and smilax; Miss Leonard, fawn colored silk and crimson plush; Miss Bobb of New Orleans, white silk and lace; Miss M. Nelles, pink veiling trimmed with pink plush; Miss Harris of Toronto, black satin and lace trimmed with cream ribbons; Miss Sinclair of Hamilton, white silk with yellow flowers and sash, pearl ornaments; Miss De Long, black satin and lace with pink plush ornamented with ostrich feathers; Miss Helen Morton, mauve silk and brocade; Miss Marks of Bruce Mines, Huddigorn silk with white robes; Miss Etta Wilkes of Mount Forest, cream veiling trimmed with lace; Miss Johnson, white silk and lace; Miss E. Pauline Johnson, black brocaded silk and lace, diamond ornaments; Miss Duncan, Bay City, white silk and moire antique, pearl ornaments; Miss Nita Nelles, cream satin and plush, with white roses and ferns; Miss Kirkpatrick of Toronto, cream silk and moire antique, trimmed with lace; Miss M. Curtis, black satin and lace, garnet ornaments. Among the gentlemen present from a distance were Mr. Finucane, Mr. Herbert Morton, Mr. Kerr of Hamilton, Mr. Webber of Germany, Mr. Sidney Sykes of Toronto. It being the evening of weekly drill, the officers of the Dufferin Rifles attended in uniform, adding greatly to the brightness of an already brilliant scene.

CHICAGO.

And now to make mention of a few more of the people at one time well known in Toronto. We have two old employes of the Lancashire Insurance Co. here, Messrs. Gordon and Shanklin. Mr. Gordon was chief clerk of the office in Toronto and holds a similar position in the Chicago office. He has been living in Chicago for about four years and never tires of discussing the good old times the "boys" used to have "over home."

"Ernie" Shanklin was one of the necessities at a society party in Toronto a few years ago, and will be well remembered. His pleasant manner and qualities as a dancer have not forsaken him, and although still unmarried is as popular as ever with the fair sex. He still follows the insurance business.

While speaking of insurance men, I must not forget to mention Mr. Percy Crocker, who stopped me on the street the other day, proud in the possession of a photograph of his first-born. Percy holds a good position with the North British and Mercantile.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Taylor have been living here for about two years, and have a very pleasant home in the suburbs. They appear to suffer no regrets through the change.

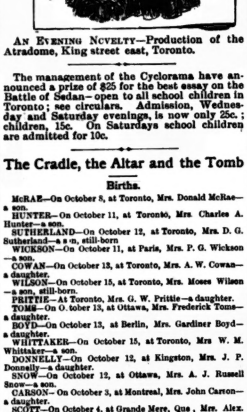
Mr. E. H. Lincke who was with White, Joselyn & Co., on the road, lost no time in hastening to Chicago, and had been here but very few days when he secured a position to travel for a white goods house. The only thing that makes a distinction between Mr. Lincke and the rest of his fraternity is his briar pipe, anybody smoking a pipe is spotted as a foreigner immediately.

By the way I saw Mr. Sam Wilson on the street the other day. Sam traveled for James Brayley & Co., for some years and was afterwards with S. F. McKinnon & Co., he has several positions in prospect, but is not definitely settled yet. He appeared very much impressed with the city and the magnitude of the wholesale houses, some of the large millinery concerns being represented on the road by from forty to fifty travelers. Another Torontonian whom all the business people will remember is Mr. Charles Riley, formerly secretary of the Commercial Travelers' Association. He is now residing here with his wife and son, Charles, jr. Charles, jr., holds a good position with a large millinery house, Edson, Keith & Co. I will make mention of some more old friends next week.

W. J. HETHER.

PENETANGUISHENE.

The beautiful memorial church, which is being erected in this quaint and historic town, through the zeal of the resident pastor, Rev. Father Labourean, his congregation and the generous gifts of the Canadian public, received substantial aid last Tuesday evening, through the medium of an entertainment given in McCrosson Hall by the well-known Canadian poet and elocutionist, Thomas O'Hagan, M. A. of Toronto, and Miss K. C. Strong, a brilliant contralto singer of Mount Forest, assisted by some of the best local talent of the town. Ex-Mayor Keating occupied the chair, the audience being composed of Rev. Fathers Labourean, Nadeau (Society of Jesus), Michel and Yearm and the leading citizens of the town. The hall was crowded to the door. Mr. O'Hagan, the reader of the evening, was accorded a most enthusiastic reception in his recitals, being frequently recalled at the close of each number. Mr. O'Hagan's readings were of a humorous, pathetic and dramatic character, his interpretation of King Robert of Sicily, Shamus O'Brien and A Critical Situation being especially fine—full of power, finish and naturalness. Miss Strong's fine presence and sweetly cultivated voice at once gained the ear and heart of the audience. So warmly was this talented young lady received that she had to respond to each of her numbers. Miss Strong has a voice of great compass, and added to this, a stage manner exceedingly pleasing. Her Three Wishes, by Pinsuti, and Tosti's Good-Bye held supremacy among her four excellently rendered selections. The local talent was exceeding good, the choruses by the Choral Society and the school children being well received. A duet, Master and Scholar, by Mr. Gendron and Miss Strong, was a favorite of the evening. Wednesday afternoon Mr. O'Hagan and Miss Strong, at the courteous invitation of Mr. McCrosson, superintendent of the Reformatory, visited this institution and delighted the boys with recitation and song. MERCURY.



AN EVENING NOVELTY—Production of the Atradome, King street east, Toronto.

The management of the Cyclorama have announced a prize of $25 for the best essay on the Battle of Sedan—open to all school children in Toronto; see circulars. Admission, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, is now only 25c.; children, 15c. On Saturdays school children are admitted for 10c.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

McRAE—On October 8, at Toronto, Mrs. Donald McRae—a son.

HUNTER—On October 11, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles A. Hunter—a son.

SUTHERLAND—On October 12, at Toronto, Mrs. D. G. Sutherland—a s on, still-born.

WICKSON—On October 11, at Paris, Mrs. P. G. Wickson —a son.

COWAN—On October 13, at Toronto, Mrs. A. W. Cowan—a daughter.

WILSON—On October 15, at Toronto, Mrs. Moses Wilson —a son, still-born.

PRITTIE—At Toronto, Mrs. G. W. Prittie—a daughter.

TOME—On O. tober 13, at Ottawa, Mrs. Frederick Tome—a daughter.

BOYD—On October 13, at Berlin, Mrs. Gardiner Boyd—a daughter.

WHITTAKER—On October 15, at Toronto, Mrs W. M. Whittaker—a son.

DONNELLY—On October 12, at Kingston, Mrs. J. P. Donnelly—a daughter.

SNOW—On October 12, at Ottawa, Mrs. A. J. Russell Snow—a son.

CARSON—On October 3, at Montreal, Mrs. John Carson—a daughter.

SCOTT—On October 4, at Grande Mere, Que., Mrs. Alex. Scott—a daughter.

DEWAR—On October 9, at Essex Centre, Mrs. P. A Dewar—a son.

McCUAIG—On October 15, at Toronto, Mrs. R. F. McCuaig—a son.

CLIPSHAM—On October 14, at Clarenceville, Que., Mrs. J. W. Clipsham—a son.

MACARTHUR—On October 10, at Granby, Que., Mrs. Alex. Macarthur—a son.

WOODFORD—On October 15, at Plattsburg, N. Y., Mrs. George Woodford—a daughter.

MOSSOP—On October 15, at Toronto, Mrs. Fred W. Mossop—a daughter.

GRAHAM—On October 14, at Brampton, Mrs. E. G. Graham—a daughter.

Marriages.

CLEGHORN—OGILVIE—On October 10, at Montreal, William John Cleghorn to Harriet Isabella Ogilvie of Grenville, Que.

KERBY—SPENCER—On October 11, at Paris, Rev. George W. Kerby, B.A., of Woodstock, to Emily Spencer of Paris.

McIVER—MORRISON—On October 14, at Hampden, Que., Kenneth McIver of Onslow, to Annie E. Morrison of Hampden.

WEBBER—BUIST—On October 10, at Nottawa, Ont., Louis L. Webber to Emma Buist of Nottawa.

ROSE—BUSH—On October 11, at Orillia, R. Rose of Toronto, to Annie Bush of Coldwater, Ont.

NEFF—McKIM—On October 11, at Parker, Arthur C. Neff of Toronto, to Jennie McKim.

McANENNY—GREIG—On October 10, at Toronto, Andrew McAnenny to Mary Adelle Greig of Toronto.

WH TE—WADDELL—On October 13, James White of the Geological Survey of Canada, to Rachael Waddell of Ottawa.

GRIFFIN—POWELL—On October 12, at Kincardine, E. Lucretia Powell to Rev. Arthur E. Griffin, assistant minister, Church of Redeemer, Toronto.

LEWIS—COYNE—On October 10, at Mount Forest, Jessie Coyne to Willet Lewis of Grimsby.

BAGNELL—EMIGH—On October 15, at Woodstock, Richard Allen Bagnell of Silao Guanajuato, Mexico, to Alvira Louie e Emigh.

LYNCH—ZAPPE—On October 9, at Parkhill, Rev. F. J. Lynch of Sunderland, to Alice Josephine Zappe of Parkhill.

COOCH—ACHESON—On October 16, Alfred Coston Cooch to Jessie Acheson.

DUGGAN—STEVENSON—On October 13, George Herrick Duggan of Toronto, to Mildred Scarth Stevenson of Montreal.

HARLICK—DIMENT—On October 9, at Oak Grove, Capt. J. D. Harlick of Chicago, to Rosa Annie Diment of Markson.

SUTHERLAND—CLUFF—On October 16, Dr. George Hector Sutherland of Saginaw City, Michigan, to Sarah Jane Cluff of Toronto.

WRIGHT—PETMAN—On October 17, at Toronto, James V. Wright to Clara Petman.

Deaths.

ANDERSON—On October 12, at Georgina, Ann Archibella Anderson, aged 36 years.

HARTON—On October 12, at Toronto, James Harton, aged 77 years.

LEE—On October 12, at Toronto, Agnes Caroline Lee.

MACKENZIE—At October 2, at Melbourne, P. Q., Annabella Mackenzie, aged 88 years.

MOODIE—On October 12, at Toronto, Carrie B'rd Moodie.

PATTON—Suddenly, at Toronto, on Thursday evening, October 11, 1888, Hon. James Patton, Q.C., LL.D., Collector of Customs, aged 60 years

PENFOLD—On October 12, at Folkestone, Kent, Eng., Susannah Penfold.

McRAE—On October 14, at Toronto, Donald McRae.

THOMPSON—On October 13, at Scarborough Township, Hannah Thompson, aged 84 years.

CLARK—On October 8, at Toronto, Alan Duff Clark, aged 1 year.

FILIATREAULT—On October 15, Edmee Yvonne Filiatreault, aged 7 months.

SHERWOOD—On October 14, at Toronto, Frank A. Sherwood, aged 2 years.

TROUT—On October 13, at Dovercourt, Thomas Trout, aged 33 years.

MAGUIRE—On October 14, at Weston, Ann Maguire, aged 76 years.

TERRY—On October 15, at Humber Bay, Sarah Elizabeth Gertrude Terry.

TAYLOR—On October 16, at Toronto, Owen Taylor, aged 27 years.

BECK—On October 15, at Toronto, Samuel Beck, aged 62 years.

MOTON—On October 12, at Georgina, Mrs Mary Motion, aged 46 years.

CUSHNAGHAN—On October 17, at Toronto, Mrs. Elizabeth Cushnaghan, aged 72 years.

HAMILTON—On October 13, at Montreal, Mrs. Mary Sadlier Hamilton, aged 90 years.

PRESTON—On October 17, at Toronto, Muriel Irene Pearl Preston, aged 7 years and 4 days.

WYLIE—On October 10, at Norton Creek, Que , William Wylie, aged 73 years.

WILSON—On October 16, at Toronto, Wm. Wilson, contractor, aged 73 years.

BARCLAY—On October 15, at Milton, Mrs. Helen Barclay, aged 43 years.

EEATING—On October 16, at St. Catharines, William Edward Keating, aged 9 years.

PRATT—On October 15, at Toronto, Mrs. Mary J. Pratt, aged 29 years.

SCOTT—On October 15, at Newmarket, Stanley Scott, M.D., aged 40 years.

DALLAS—On October 16, at Toronto, Robert Marr Dallas.

What Could It Be?

"Fanny," said Aunt Pennifeather, in a terrible whisper, "are you asleep?"

I started from the bed. "Oh, no; what do you want?"

"I'm sorry to disturb you," said she, peering over the banister at me, as I peered up at her, "but there's something in the bed. I think it's a mouse."

Now Aunt Penniweather has an uncomfortable degree of moral courage, as all her friends know, and in that strength of spirit that holds its own against grief or pain, she is magnificent; but confront her with a creeping thing, and a child could lead her.

"Why didn't you double him up in the bed clothes?"

"It has got in the pillow case, Fanny. Oh, don't let him out!" jumping upon a chair.

"Don't scream, Aunt Pennifeather; I have the end secure, but it isn't as plump as a mouse. I believe it's a bat. I'll take it to the window and shake him out."

"Oh, Fanny, be careful. Oh, I see him; don't let him fly out."

But the thing wouldn't shake out, and as the children were now aroused, scurrying about in their night gowns, and uttering little squeals, and their father shouted from below, "What's the row, Fan?" I determined to take the object to him. The captain jumped out of bed and seized a stick. I filled the bath-tub with water, while he passed his hand quickly over the protuberance, but it stuck fast.

"Shake, Fanny."

A dead thing fell into the water and was instantly submerged by a blow from the stick. It rose defiantly. Another blow with the stick.

"Hold it under the water," shouted somebody.

"Is it dead?" squealed Aunt Pennifeather behind the crack of the door.

"Dead!" roared the captain; "it has been dead a hundred years. Take your black kid glove, and don't try to pass it off for a wild animal down here."

Annie Laurie.

SIR,—I see in *Tit Bits* a legend of the Scotch song, Annie Laurie, but the real origin is far more romantic, and a few facts regarding it may be of interest to your readers. Annie Laurie was one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, created first baronet of Maxwelton, Kirkcudbright, in 1655. Her lover, the author and composer of the melody, was an officer in the regiment of George, Earl of Dumbarton, now known as the 1st Royal Scots, and was Richard Douglas, laird of Finland; after fighting gallantly for James, under the noble Dundee, he entered the French service with many other Scottish gentlemen, and leaving his love and native land, found a soldier's grave at the battle of Steenkirk, 1692.

Prior to this, his mistress, faithless to her troth, had married one Colonel Craigdarrock, an officer of Horse, under William III. We can only hope that poor Finlaud met his fate before he learned her treachery.

The Polite Carver.

Formerly a distinction was observed between the forms of small, medium, and grand ceremony; politeness possessed as many delicate shades as there were degrees in the social hierarchy. We will give an instance. The Marquis De Chauvelin, Prefect of Bruges, when giving a dinner to the Prince of Neufchatel and his staff, in helping his guests to the roast beef, made use of the following modes of expression: "My lord, may I have the honor of sending some beef to your Excellency?" "General, may I offer you some beef?" "Captain, will you take any beef?" and to the soldiers, while pointing to the dish, "Any beef?" "Beef?" "....eef?" On reaching the lowest rank, a simple gesture sufficed.

Mary Ann's Preparations for a Theatrical Debut.

"Hey, Mrs. O'Flaherty!" yelled Mrs. O'Raherty across the rear dividing fence. "We did jist git a great letter from Mary Ann."

"An' phwat do she say?"

"Arrah, faith an' she's makin' a great sooccess av herself."

"She is?"

"Yis. 'Tother noight the count tuck her to the thayater, an' she wore a new dress which was a stunner."

"An' jist what koind of a driss is it?"

"Faith an' it's—it's—phwat the divil is it she calls it? Yis; a dicolitte driss."

"An' phwat koind av a driss is that, Mrs. O'Raherty?"

"I'll niver tell ye; but anyhow Mary Ann says she jist made manhes after mashes at the thayater wid it. She did sit in a private box, she says."

"Arrah sure, Mrs. O'Raherty, is must 'ave been on the box she was. Phwat sinse would there be in her gittin' in a box if she wanted to show aff?"

"Faith an' I think yer roight, Mrs. O'Fla. herty. It must 'ave been on top o' the box she was, else how could the millionaire young man av New York see her an' her dicolitte driss, for Mary Ann says they looked more at her than they did at the thayater, an' kept pokin' their spyglasses at her an' lookin' a swate as they knowed how; an' the Frinch count, Mary Ann says, did act loike wan sittin' on chistnut burrs so exaoited did he become throuph jilousy. Indade an' it's a great toime she do be havin'; an' as soon as she do git her name in the papers, which won't be long, she'll read some 'ostler poetry an' roight away go on the stage an' be a thayater herslif."

Her Answer.

Viola, the Flying Queen, ascended in a balloon to a considerable hight, and then descended in a parachute, landing in safety in the suburbs of a little town near Dayton, O. She was soon surrounded by an admiring crowd and was asked many question, running something like this:

"Was you nervous?"

"What if you had lit in the river?"

"Are you hurt?"

"Did you come down?"

"How high was you?"

"Why didn't you go up higher?"

"Oh, dear! how can you do it?"

"What if you had turned upside down?"

"Did you feel like jumping?"

"Is this the first time?"

"S'poseu you'd been killed, then what?"

"Was I nice?"

"How'd we look from up there?"

"Wher'd you think you was?"

"How many times do you stay up?"

And all she said was: "I wish to gracious that wagon would come!"

The Billycock and Wide-Awake Hat.

The late Earl of Mount Norris used to tell the story that one of the members of the firm of Christie, while paying a visit to the gardens and grounds of Arcley Castle, remarked upon the inconvenience occasioned to the peasants by wearing the chimney-pot hat, and that he would try to invent something better. A few weeks afterwards a large packet of Billycocks arrived as a present from Messrs. Christie. They were distributed, and became so popular that the neighboring hatters began to manufacture them, and very soon they spread over the country.

As to the origin of the word Billycock it is stated that a gentleman named Wilcock having either invented or manufactured or first sold these hats, some very clever young man was so witty as to call them Billycocks. As to the meaning of the term Wideawake, a Mr. William Bates, says: "The Wideawake may be, it is true, an outward and visible sign that the wearer is a sleepy fellow, and not to be caught asleep; but it may also mean—and this was the explanation current on the introduction of the term—that the article itself did not indulge in the luxury of a nap. Hence Wideawake."

No, Indeed!

Some people have a habit of assenting to everything said to them by being required to rhyme or reason. "Oh, yes," "Certainly," "No, indeed," "Of course," "Yes, indeed," "You are quite right," and the like.

Mrs. Hendricks is one of those pleasant people.

"I think," said Mrs. Hobson, who was making a call, "that little Miss Smith is one of the stupidest girls I ever met, and—"

"Isn't she?" interrupted Mrs. Hendricks.

"And so plain—

"Dreadfully."

"Now I haven't much beauty myself, but—"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Hendricks, cordially.

Oh! Those Gas Bills.

The smell of gas became so strong that they burst open the door, and the doctor and the landlord rushed in.

"Open the windows!" shouted the excited physician.

"Shut off the gas!" shouted the excited landlord.

The Worst Always Happens.

"I'm so sorry you spilt the ink," said the poet's wife. "Has it gone over your poem?"

"No, confound it!" returned the poet sadly, "it went over my postage stamps."

Consolation.

"I wouldn't cry, little boy," said a kind old gentleman, consoling a little urchin, "you may be unhappy for the moment, but it will soon pass away. You wouldn't expect me to cry, would you, every time I'm a little unhappy?"

"No, sir," responded the tearful little lad, "you'd prob'ly go an' git a drink."

Fearing the Worst.

Sammy (who is never allowed to stay out of school)—Howdie Hurlbut didn't come to school all day.

Mama—Why not?

Sammy—'Cause his mother died. When you die may I stay home all day?

Mama—Yes, darling; you may stay out a whole week then.

Sammy (suspiciously)—Oh, I know; you mean to die in vacation.

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HERR RICHARD STOELZER, Viola d'Amour

MONS. ADOLPH BUROSE, Flute Virtuoso

HERR JOSEP BECKER, Double Bass

HERR PHILIPP ROTH, Violoncello Soloist

ASSISTED BY

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MISS EMILY WINANT, Contralto

MR. D. M. BABCOCK, Basso

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Advance subscribers have first choice of reserved seats. Lists (at Northcutt's, Mason & Risch's and Suckling's) close to-day, October 20. The plan of reserved seats will be open to the public at Nordheimer's, A. & S. Northcutt's on Thursday morning, October 25. Admission tickets for sale at the principal music stores and from members of the Society.

As this will be one of the best concerts to be given in Toronto this season, a hearty and liberal response is expected, as much on account of the intrinsic merit of the work, as a disposition to help forward the benevolent objects of the Society.

JAS L. HUGHES, President. JOHN BAILIE, Secretary.

R. C. HAMILTON, Chairman Concert Committee.

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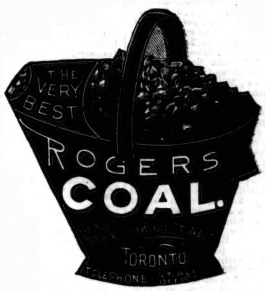

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